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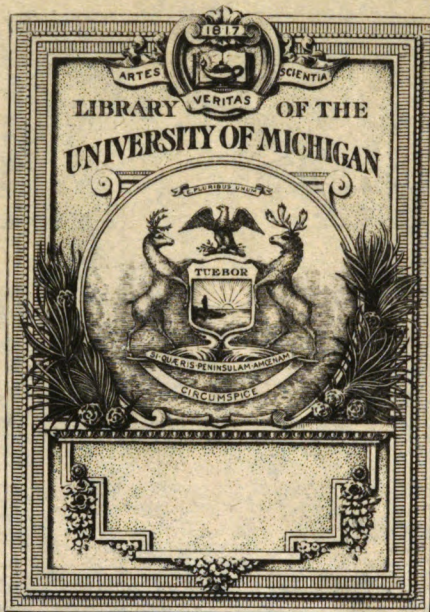
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SIR FRANCIS BACON'S  
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CIPHER STORY



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**ANNOUNCEMENT.**

**PRESS COMMENTS.**

# **HOWARD PUBLISHING CO.**

**PUBLISHERS OF THE CIPHER WRITINGS**

**OF**

**SIR FRANCIS BACON,**

**AS DECIPHERED BY**

**ORVILLE W. OWEN, M. D.**

October, 1898.

The student and scholar have long questioned regarding the existence of a cipher and hidden story in Shakespeare's plays and other notable writings published in England from 1580 to 1623.

Arguments pro and con have been plentiful, but until the present time the CIPHER has remained hidden and undeciphered.

The book of Dr. Orville W. Owen, just published, has however, set at rest the controversy, as positive proof is given, not only of a cipher, but of the authorship of the plays. We commend to your careful study the comments herewith, taken from the "Detroit Journal," and the letter of Geo. P. Goodale, Dramatic Critic and Associate Editor of the "Detroit Free Press," unquestioned literary authority, which give their opinions of the character of the work and assurances that it is **WHAT IT PURPORTS TO BE.**

This book is to be followed by another, now partially prepared for the press, and that again by others in the order directed by Sir Francis in the writings, as rapidly as Dr. Owen is able to prosecute the work.

The books unfold the most marvelous stories, which, hidden for three centuries, are now given to the world. The magnitude of this gigantic work may be imagined, when you understand that it means the translation of **ALL THE WORKS OF SIR FRANCIS BACON**, which he says (see page 22),—

"We will enumerate by their whole titles from the beginning to the end :

**William Shakespeare,**

**Robert Green, George Peel and Christopher Marlow's**

**Stage plays; the Fairy Queen, Shepherd's Calendar,**

**And all the works of Edmund Spenser; The Anatomy of Melancholy of Robert Burton,**

**The History of Henry the Seventh, the Natural History,**

**The Interpretation of Nature, the Great Instauration,**

**Advancement of Learning, the De Augmentis Scientiarum,**

**Our Essays, and all the other works of our own."**

These when deciphered, he tells us (see page 55), "**WILL BRING FORTH SECRET AND ORIGINAL NARRATIVES, WOVEN INTO A CONTINUOUS HISTORY.**"

This volume has 200 pages, and for purposes of introduction will be sold, bound in paper covers at 50 cents and in cloth at 75 cents per copy, mailed post-paid on receipt of price.

**HOWARD PUBLISHING CO.**

# Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story.

[DETROIT JOURNAL.]

Readers of the Journal are fully aware that Dr. Orville W. Owen, of Detroit, has claimed to have discovered a cipher in the works of Sir Francis Bacon and the so-called plays of Shakspeare, which when unraveled reveals a story that shows beyond question that Bacon was the real author of the plays that are the literary masterpieces of the world.

Although Dr. Owen has been pursuing his researches for a long term of years, and has devoted the most indefatigable energy, patience and persistence to his tremendous task, very little of the results of his labors have reached the public eye. It will be remembered, however, that the first evidences that his years of digging, delving and mining in the almost inextricably devious courses of his pursuit had reached tangibility were published in the Journal. Contrary to an early formed resolution to withhold from the world the wonderful story whose fragments he had gathered until the whole was in his grasp, Dr. Owen gave the Journal two extracts. These were in no sense complete, but they admirably served a definite purpose.

Previous to their publication Dr. Owen had endured the jibes, the jeers and even the more galling pity of those who looked upon him either as a charlatan or a crack-brained visionary, gone daft over the perennial Bacon-Shakspeare controversy. Yielding to the urgings of his friends, those who were confident of the importance of his work and the clarity of his intellect, he gave the Journal a portion of Bacon's description of Queen Elizabeth, followed shortly afterward by a part of what is called "the General Curse"—in which Bacon calls fearful maledictions down upon his enemies.

These publications had a pronounced effect. They astonished and invited the attention of those who for the first time became aware of Dr. Owen's discovery; they excited the interest of men of intellect who are broad enough to acknowledge that there may be yet new things under the sun; they stayed the jest and hushed the ridicule of those who thought a new literary clown had appeared upon the stage; and they renewed the faith and strengthened the belief of those who looked for a wonderful historical and literary revelation.

It is not the intention here to describe how Dr. Owen became first convinced that a cipher story lay hidden in the plays; nor how he happened upon and picked up its first frail thread; nor how with infinite patience he followed it slowly and painstakingly through the tangled and obscure maze of warp and woof in the various books; nor how years of endeavor, self-

denial and discouragements went by in the search after the necessary editions, in historical verifications, in gropings along blind paths where no man ever walked before. These are to be left to a forthcoming book, which the author will devote to his own story of the discovery after he has told the world the story that Bacon hid away for nearly three centuries. That this will be of intense interest need hardly be said.

The paramount interest now, of course, is in what Dr. Owen has found. A book that has long been waited for is at last issued. From the presses this week comes a small paper-bound volume which contains the first connected and consecutive parts yet published of this wonderful story. It is issued under the title "Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story, Discovered and Deciphered by Orville W. Owen, M. D.," is published by the Howard Publishing Company, and printed by the Detroit Free Press printing house. It has been put into cheap but substantial form that it may reach those who might otherwise be debarred from indulgence in a literary luxury.

"Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story" is in three sections or parts—Sir Francis Bacon's Letter to the Decipherer; the Epistle Dedicatory; and the Description of the Queen, General Curse, and Sir Francis Bacon's Life.

The Letter is under date of London, 1623. This is in the form of a conversation with a second person, and is devoted to minute direction—all in Shakspearean blank verse—for the unraveling of the cipher. The decipherer is directed to place the pages of the books upon "a great firm wheel" to facilitate the work—a direction that Dr. Owen implicitly followed and found to greatly lessen the mechanical labor necessarily attached to thousands of shiftings from page to page, from passage to passage, and from book to book. Then the four great keywords, Fortune, Nature, Honor and Reputation, are disclosed, upon which the whole tremendous structure is reared. From these starting points the trace begins, and the helps to sorting, matching and combining the disjointed fragments, the guides to the inversions and transpositions, the parallels and relatives, are indicated with an iteration that becomes almost verbose. Through all this the mythical second person interpolates with questions. One of these is to the purport why the author—Sir Francis—disposes his story so widely into many books. To which Sir Francis replies:

"I'll tell you; for fear the finder out  
Of this secret story in inconsiderate zeal  
Might make it known unto our great  
mother,  
Or the king. And then our life and glory,  
Like a shooting star, would from the  
firmament fall  
To the base earth.  
For, my good lord, in this secret way  
We unfold a dangerous chronicle, and by  
starts  
Unclasp a secret book to your quick con-  
ceiving,  
And read you matter deep and dangerous,  
As full of peril and adventurous spirit  
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud  
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.  
And if we fall in, good night; we could not  
swim.  
And so would sink."

The Questioner—"Will you name the  
works under which you have concealed, hid,  
and masked yourself?"

Bacon—"We will enumerate them by  
their whole titles from the beginning to  
the end: William Shakspeare,  
Robert Green, George Peel, and Christo-  
pher Marlow's  
Stage plays; the Fairy Queen, Shepherd's  
Calendar,  
And all the works of Edmund Spenser;  
The Anatomy of Melancholy of Robert  
Burton,  
The History of Henry the Seventh, the  
Natural History,  
The Interpretation of Nature, the Great  
Instauration,  
Advancement of Learning, the De Aug-  
mentis Scientiarum,  
Our Essays, and all the other works of our  
own."

The Questioner—"I am ready to distrust  
mine eyes and wrangle with my  
Reason that persuades me to any other  
truth but that  
I am mad. I fear for certain the world  
will call me mad,  
Before it will believe such multiplicity of  
genius.  
I have marveled sometimes at the bulk of  
books  
Published in the year 1623, and before,  
But I did not think that any one man was  
accomplished  
Enough, or capable of writing them."

After a long set of instructions in the  
way of making clear the work of the de-  
cipherer, this passage occurs:  
"For we will knit up our secret tales in  
silken  
Strings, with twenty odd, conceited, true  
love knots,  
And will make a pastime of each weary  
step,  
Till the last step has brought you to the  
end;  
And there you, my lord, may rest after  
much turmoil,  
As doth a blessed soul in elysium; and  
when you, with  
Obedience and industry, have engrossed  
this, and  
Piled up the winged words like heaps of  
strange achieved gold;  
And when you, like the honey bee, cull  
from  
Every flower the virtuous sweets, your  
thighs packed

With wax, your mouth with golden honey,  
And have brought it to the hive—for so  
work the honey bees,  
Creatures that, by a rule of nature,  
Teach the act of order to a peopled king-  
dom.

For they have a king, and officers of sort,  
Where some, like magistrates, correct at  
home;

Others, like merchants, venter trade  
abroad;

Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,  
Which pillage they, with merry march,  
bring home

To the tent royal of their emperor,  
Who, busied in his majesties, surveys  
The singing masons building roofs of gold,  
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,  
The poor mechanic porters crowding  
In their heavy burthens at his narrow  
gate;

The sad-eyed justice, with his surley hum,  
Delivering o'er to executors pale  
The lazy, yawning drones—and when, like  
unto a

Pilgrim, you will step by step climb  
Unto the top of fortune's friendly wheel,  
Then we will raise your honor to as high a  
pitch

In this, our strong encounter, as Hector  
Did in the Grecian camp, when he, to  
overdare

The pride of Graecia, set his warlike per-  
son

To the view of fierce Achilles, rival of his  
fame."

Bacon proceeds then to give the impelling  
motive that moved him to write the cipher  
story. A heavenly voice came to him which  
said:

"The Divine Majesty takes delight to hide  
His work, according to the innocent play  
of children,

To have them found out; surely for thee to  
Follow the example of the most high God  
cannot

Be censured. Therefore put away popular  
applause,

And after the manner of Solomon, the king,  
compose

A history of thy times, and fold it into  
Enigmatical writings and cunning mix-  
tures of the

Theater, mingled as the colors in a painter's  
shell,

And it will in due course of time be found.  
For there shall be born into the world  
(Not in years, but in ages) a man whose

pliant and  
Obedient mind we, of the supernatural  
world, will take

Special heed, by all possible endeavor, to  
frame

And mould into a pipe for thy fingers  
to sound

What stop thou please; and this man,  
either led or

Driven, as we point the way, will yield  
himself a

Disciple of thine, and will search and seek  
out thy

Disordered and confused strings and roots  
with some

Peril and unsafety to himself. For men  
in scornful and

Arrogant manner will call him mad, and  
point at him

The finger of scorn; and yet they will,  
Upon trial, practice and study of thy plan,

See that the secret, by great and voluminous labour  
Hath been found out." And then the voice  
we heard  
Ceased and passed away.

Then to the decipherer Bacon in the letter gives this direction:

"We think it right to give a catalogue of the titles  
Contained in the history, lest you, for want of warning,  
Set to work the wrong way. First: Place after this  
The Epistle of Dedicatorie; then the third letter is  
The description of her majesty, Queen Elizabeth,  
Her gifts, her bridal, and her death, the General Curse,  
Which is to disguise the story of our own origin,  
Which, when the proofs shall be revealed, Will make men stand as in a dream.  
The General History follows this, in a series

Of separate letters, and the world, Seeing that we have composed so accurate an history,  
Will say, in effect, it is (even if found thus by accident)

More accurate and clear than has ever Before been published, and, whether There be a system or not, it is in all parts complete

And in the same manner of harmony and coherence,

And, it may be, all depends on the unravelling:

But is certain that the several books and volumes,

By the general rule, in despite of sense, Have each formed one entire story, which is miraculous.

And say, 'for this end were we born.' "

Following the Letter is the Epistle Dedicatorie, in which dedication is made to the decipherer, and which may be passed over here without description. Into the real story we come at last, which opens with a magnificent description of Queen Elizabeth. Her wondrous beauty is described in those smooth, flowing lines which open thus:

"And if you will but go with me  
Unto the shining bower where Cynthia sits  
Like lovely Thetis in a crystal robe,  
There within pleasant, shady woods,  
Where neither storm nor sun's distemperature

Have power to hurt by cruel heat or cold,  
Under the climate of the milder heaven  
Where seldom lights Jove's angry thunder-bolt,

Far from disturbance, amid the cypress springs

Where whistling winds make music 'mong the trees,

You shall see a nymph, a queen," etc.—and which formed a part of the fragments published as referred to at the beginning of this article.

And then he paints the queen in blackest colors:

"For she to all licentious lust  
Gan to exceed the measure of her mean  
And natural first need  
Till, like a jade self willed, herself doth tire

By black lust, dishonour, shame and misgoverning,  
For she was guilty of perjury and subornation;

Guilty of treason, forgery and shift;  
Guilty of incest, that abomination;  
Guilty of murder and of theft,  
And accessory by inclination

To all sins past and all that are to come,  
From the creation to the general doom."

In the next lines he reveals that Elizabeth was his mother, and curses her—

"O, mother of my life, that brought'st me forth,

Thou nurse infortunate, guilty of all,  
Curst mayst thou be for such a cursed son!

Cursed be thy son with every curse thou hast!

Ye elements of whom consist this clay,  
This mass of flesh, this cursed crazed corps

Destroy, dissolve, disturb and dissipate  
With fire, water, earth and air congealed.  
Thou fatal star, what planet ere thou be,  
Spit out thy poisons bad and all the ill  
That fortune, fate or heaven may bode—"

It is perhaps best here, in order not to take too much from the natural anticipation that will animate the reader of the book, to relate the story that Bacon unfolds only in the barest outline. Suffice it, then, that his disclosure is to the effect that he was the son of Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester by a secret marriage, and therefore the rightful heir to the throne; he tells how this became known to him; and he relates how Essex, his dearest friend, was murdered at the command of the queen, and how he was made party to his condemnation; how Elizabeth, in her last sickness, acknowledged Bacon as her son to the doctor who attended her; how Elizabeth was poisoned and afterward strangled in her bed by Robert Cecil, and various other startling things that historians of the Elizabethan era have never set down in the books. Except the murder of Elizabeth and the reasons for the execution of Sir Thomas Seymour, all assertions have at least the semblance of collateral historical evidence to sustain them.

The natural question that will force itself upon the mind of the reader of this remarkable book is, has Dr. Owen really discovered a cipher story in the works, or has he laboriously pieced out, with most cunning ingenuity, a story that, in its relations to history, bears close resemblance to reality? Or has he only concocted a clever imposture, written a story shrewdly calculated to find dupes in those who have a leaning toward the Baconian side of the ancient controversy over the authorship of those immortal plays that for centuries have borne the name of William Shakspeare?

It may be stated, in the first place, that this is Dr. Owen's first venture in the field of letters, and that he is a man who has reached middle age; that he has never shown the slightest sign of possessing unusual or extraordinary literary skill or genius; that the story is written in a style that shows great facility in the so-called Shaksperian blank verse; and that the story itself is a production betraying

on almost every page the hand of an author of broad learning, of deep thought, intense poetical feeling, and wide range of intellect. Some extracts at random from the story will illustrate its quality. Take for instance this:

"My lord,  
Life every man holds dear,  
But the dear man holds honour  
Far more precious dear than life.  
I prize life as I weigh grief  
(Which I would spare).  
For honour, 'tis a derivative from me to mine,

And only that I stand for.  
Therefore I beg you,  
Pity my distress and take off my disgrace.  
O, if I could  
I would make me a willow cabin at your gate,

And call upon your soul within the house  
To write loyal cantons of my condemned honour,

And to sing them loud  
Even in the dead of night,  
And hallow my name to the reverbrate hills,

And make the babbling gossips of the air  
With full voices cry out my unnatural fortunes.

You should not rest  
Between the elements of earth and air,  
But you should pity me.

O, deadly wound that passeth by mine eye,  
O, fatal poison of my swelling heart!  
O, fortune constant in inconstancy!

Fight, earthquakes in the entrails of the earth,

And eastern whirlwinds in the hellish shades.

Some foul contagion of the infected heaven

Blast all the trees, and in their cursed tops  
Let the dismal night-raven and tragic owl  
Breed and become foretellers of my fall.  
The fatal ruin of my name and me."

Then there is this little bit, where Bacon replies to the injunction to quench his "hate's hot fire:"

"The more you dam it up the more it burns.

The current that with gentle murmur glides,

You know, being stopped, impatiently doth rage.

But when his fair course is not hindered  
He curbs himself as fair and evenly

As doth the smug and silver Trent,  
Or the gentle Severn.

Who in his sedgy bank doth his crisp head

Turn and wind among the trembling reeds  
And makes sweet music with the enameled stones,

Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:

And so

By many winding nooks he strays  
With willing sport to the wild ocean;  
But dammed up, he comes me cranking in  
And from side to side cuts from off the land

A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out,  
And gelding the opposed continents

The river's current doth run and wind  
With deep indent in a new channel.

Then hinder not my course; let me go on,  
And in a flood

With such a heady currance scouring faults

Make the period of my curse,

And then I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,

And with exquisite music

I will unloose the knot."

A wider range of extracts might be given to illustrate the literary quality of the Story, but these should be enough to bring the reader to this point, upon which Dr. Owen lays stress:

If Bacon did not write the cipher story, then Dr. Owen did, and for whatever merit there is in it, Dr. Owen should have the credit. It will be conceded that the Story is a remarkable production, and this conceded, there remains to take the horns of this dilemma: The Story is true, or Dr. Owen is a charlatan, but the most wonderful man who has lived since the beginning of the seventeenth century. We believe that most readers, personally unacquainted with the author, will find it difficult to reach a verdict. They will be stunned with the marvel of it, and still be fortified with the generally diffused dislike to acknowledge that an iconoclast is right. The history is by no means finished with this volume, but it is to be continued in another book, as also shall follow the exposition of the cipher itself. Until these further volumes appear, it will be the preponderating sentiment, perhaps, that in Sir Francis Bacon's cipher Story Dr. Owen has given to the world a most astounding production.

WALTER HUNSAKER,  
Managing Editor.

For seven years I have been intimately acquainted with Dr. Owen, the decipherer of Sir Francis Bacon's writings, and an interested observer of the methods of unravelling the Cipher Story as it has progressed. I have had the Cipher explained to me, and have seen many pages of the story now before the public, taken from the various works claimed by Bacon as his own, without the addition of a word by the decipherer. The entire story has been obtained in the same manner.

CLAY C. COOPER,  
State Editor Detroit Journal.

FROM PASTOR FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

DETROIT, MICH., October 17th, 1893.

\* \* \* "I hope you may succeed in establishing the reality of your discovery to the conviction of the most skeptical."

Z. GRENELL.

# SIR FRANCIS BACON'S CIPHER STORY.

Mr. GEO. P. GOODALE (Signor Max), Dramatic Critic of the "Detroit Free Press," publishes to the world his opinion of the cipher:

## Shakespeare-Bacon.

To the Editor of The Detroit Free Press:

For many years the tide of talk connecting the name of Francis Bacon with the authorship of the Shakespeare plays has flowed and ebbed. The Baconians being the accusers, have had to assume the burden of proof. They have been flouted, scorned and pooh-poohed with pitying and often supercilious superiority by those who insist that William Shakspeare, of Stratford, wrote the plays that are ascribed to him—plays that are, unquestionably, product of "the mightiest mind that ever wore the garments of mortality."

One of the severest blows that the Bacon theorists have suffered was the "break of that ill-advised zealot, Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, whose "Great Cryptogram" naturally proved fattening food for mirth. His pretended cipher discovery had nothing to rest on, though his argument for Bacon was ingenious in many points and entitled to a respectful hearing. I confess that nothing ever came nearer giving me hydrophobia than these efforts to destroy my idol. Shakspeare was too dear and too real a friend to be thrown overboard. His works had yielded me larger measure of delight than all other books with which I had made acquaintance. Sentiment, loyalty, tradition, habit, prejudice—everything that goes to conviction—gave brain and heart assurance that Shakspeare was Shakspeare.

I am now forced to quite another conviction—to-wit: that Francis Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays. That conviction is the result of more than a year's examination of testimony submitted to me by Dr. Orville W. Owen, of Detroit, the tireless gentleman who not only discovered the hidden cipher, but who has worked out the secret stories which it relates.

In July, 1892, Dr. Owen confided to me the cipher, and together we went over the matter which is contained in the volume just published by him. I was shown how

to apply the cipher for the unfolding of these startling revelations. I saw that there was nothing of conjecture in it, but a simple, unerring mechanical process, that led us into the most wonderful storehouse of treasure the ages have known. During the first few months of my studies amazement obscured my judgment, and I found it impossible to admit what now appears to me the clearest truth. This radical uprooting of all my life's ideas on this momentous issue cost me more than I care to compute; but if ever I saw duty confronting me I see it now; and it leaves me no alternative:—I feel in simplest honor bound to make proclamation that so far as I am concerned the evidence offered by Dr. Owen is overwhelming. My conclusions may not move a single mind to change. Without intending to be pragmatic, or arrogantly to oppose anybody's views, I may say with such modesty as becomes all men that it is not of the least moment what others think on this question. Whether Bacon wrote Shakspeare, or Shakspeare wrote it himself, is of no consequence to me; and I am justified in going still farther and asserting that Dr. Owen stands in the same attitude of serene indifference. There is this to be said, however:

1. Dr. Orville W. Owen, of Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A., is the actual and sole discoverer of a practical scheme of cipher writing in which it is asserted:

(a) That Francis Bacon was the lawful son of Elizabeth, Queen of England, and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, those two having been secretly married in the Tower of London.

(b) That Francis Bacon, for the purpose of concealing the secret histories which he wrote "for posterity," composed all the plays of Shakspeare, Christopher Marlow, Robert Green and George Peele; the Anatomy of Melancholy of Robert Burton, and all the works of Edmund Spenser. These, taken in connection with the undisputed works of Bacon, constitute the general fab-

ric into which are woven the threads that form the cypher stories.

2. Dr. Owen has worked out by a process known to me, (and of which any man that so wills may inform himself) various stories, every line of which is taken systematically from the works enumerated in the foregoing paragraph. The first of these secret stories is entitled, "The Letter to the Decipherer." It purports to have been written and signed by Sir Francis Bacon, and it is a luminous exposition of the cue (or key) words and their corollaries that are the basis of the cipher. It instructs the decipherer how to proceed and it was by following these instructions that Dr. Owen achieved his great discovery. This letter naturally comprises the first division of the volume that is now made public.

The second division is entitled "The Epistle Dedicatory," and is likewise addressed to the decipherer, who has been nearly three centuries coming. In this "Epistle" Bacon says: "For thirty-three years have we gone in travail with these, the children of our wit," and he expresses the belief that the confidant of his secret will find it worthy of praise for "the perfection of the stories and histories which we have written, and hid in the whole of our writings."

The third and largest (unfinished) division of the book comprises a description of Queen Elizabeth, an extraordinary composition called the General Curse, and Bacon's Autobiography.

3. Dr. Owen has deciphered, and I have read, other secret writings from the same source, more startling than any in his published volume. Among them are circumstantial accounts of the destruction of the Spanish Armada and the killing of Christopher Marlow, epitomes of the lives of William Shakspeare, Edmund Spenser, George Peele, Robert Green and Robert Burton; "The Knight's Tale" (a story), a

translation of a considerable portion of Homer's "Iliad," and a general History of England. There are abundant indications that we shall have still other disclosures. Meanwhile let us endeavor to account for those that are in evidence.

For my part I could wish that this whole revelation were a dream, and that our immortal Shakspeare's crown were not in dispute. He shall forever be my friend who will so settle the controversy. There are three things in particular to be remembered:

1. The existence of a cipher by use of which these stories are revealed is an indisputable fact.

2. The stories are not Dr. Owen's inventions. He did not compose them, for the reason that neither he nor any man that lives is gifted with the surpassing genius to do it.

3. Nobody has the right to pass judgment on this discovery who has not first read the book. On this point Bacon warns us that

"Inferior men who assert the fabrie Of this history has come together through fortuitous

Concurrence or chance, and not by human skill, are Actuated by revenge, or the desire to appear wise to

The people. For such great wits, let them accuse you

Of cunningly suppressing the secret in some way, Or deny the truth of the congregated story. \* \* And let every man make some little trial for Himself of the way which we describe and lay out."

"It is not probable that a man that is Slavishly bent upon blind, stupid and absurd objections

Will bestow time and work enough upon this to make

Trial of the chain. Such a man is not entitled to judge

And decide upon these questions."

GEORGE P. GOODALE.

Detroit, October 14, 1893.

The first folio edition of Shakspeare, the one from which Mr. Willard has arranged "Hamlet" for the coming performances at the Tremont Theatre, is one of the rarest books known. A perfect copy is worth \$5,000—the Baroness Burdett-Coutts paid nearly \$4,000 for the one in her collection—and a defaced or damaged one will easily bring \$1,000.

This is the folio of 1623, which Dr. O. W. Owen uses in working out his startling cipher stories. It was photographed some years ago from a copy in the British Museum, and can now be bought in the original size for about \$60.—*Detroit Free Press, October 23, 1893.*

#### WHAT A PURCHASER OF THE BOOK SAYS:

"I opened it in the middle and read on some twenty pages. It was so astonishing that I immediately took up my Froude and Hume and Encyclopedia Britannica to see what it all meant, and, I am sorry to say, it fitted the facts of history like the cogs in a wheel."

# THE MEDICINE IN SHAKESPEARE.

BY ORVILLE W. OWEN, M. D., DETROIT, MICH.

Extracts from a lecture read at a stated meeting of the Detroit Medical and Library Association.

"All the world's a stage, and men and women merely players," and from time to time in the tragedy of this world's history there appears amongst the actors of this earthly theater some wonderful performer who embodies, perhaps, the inventive genius of a whole decade. Such a man, whoever he may have been, was the author of the plays which lie before me. His stupendous genius was not recognized in his own day, yet under the cover of "a despised weed he has done the greatest good to mankind," teaching them to know themselves, and holding up before them the looking-glass of truth, creating, as he did, a new language, and aptly illustrating each new thought with visible actors, who, picturing the action, taught the word. So universal was his brain that the lawyer, the astronomer, and the physician, each claims him for his own. The priest denies their claims, the scientist is sure that he belongs to him, the mystic throws aside each claim with quotations of his own, and so, through the whole category of men the brotherhood is found. But the lecturer tonight being first and foremost a member of that great profession which a god has delighted to follow, will not allow the honor to be taken from the medical profession, and will try to show he must have been (if not a doctor of medicine) a close student of our learned art. Was he an anatomist? Every portion of the human body known to his day is mentioned. Was he a student of physiology? Physiological functions are given in detail. Had he knowledge of *materia medica*? He speaks of many medicines.

Was he a neurologist? It might be called his specialty, and I must confess I feel hardly competent to analyze his wonderful descriptions and delineations in this great field of our science. All this lecture might be taken up with abstracts upon this one theme, for all the types of insanity are fully described and in the most beautiful language.

The sleep-walking dementia of Lady Macbeth is paralleled by the suicidal insanity of Ophelia. King Lear's delirium is a good foil to Hamlet's feigned madness. The tragical jealousy of Othello, is a counter-foil to the comical jealousy of Master Ford. Richard the Third, Macbeth, Edmund, Malvollio, the different fools, Gonerril, Timon of Athens, and Titus Andronicus, will, in the order named, show types of either real or feigned madness, or mental instability. Notice, if you please, where Macbeth, tied to the stake rages like a chained bear, he counterparts Richard the Third's frenzy of despair. Hamlet's knowledge "that when the wind is north northeast he knowes a hawke from

a handsaw" is aptly parodied by Touchstone, who, under cover of his folly shoots his wit, for he uses his folly as a stalking horse and shoots his quips and wisdom from that cover in an inimitable manner. Othello's "trifles light as air," are confirmations strong as holy writ," for like the Tartar's bow, they fly backward to Master Ford, who "searches a hollow walnut" for his wife's lover.

A great specialist of our own day says "one of the first symptoms of insanity is continual smiling." Turn to Twelfth Night and see how Malvollio is adjudged insane, because he came before his mistress cross-gartered and smiling. See how this master of medicine gave this truth to the world three hundred years ago. How did he know it? Where did he find it if not from the study of the insane? Do not men differ today as to Hamlet's mental condition? Did he not ape the real article so well that the picture is too life-like not to be misunderstood? Was he really or only feignedly insane?

Sir Walter Scott said, "the death-bed scene of poor old Jack Falstaff is the most pathetic and pitiful death-scene ever written."

I wish to open up a comparatively new question—the circulation of the blood as found in the plays. With it I shall give you a little anatomical knowledge from the plays, for the author must have either dissected the human body or at least seen it done, and that he was perfectly familiar with the experiments and proofs of the circulation I think I can show to your satisfaction. For we find it scattered through all the thirty-six plays contained in this volume, and in so plain and elaborate a manner that I cannot believe but that I can show you he was either the original discoverer of the great anatomical and physiological truth or knew intimately the experiments and dissections upon which it is based. Here I make an extraordinary statement which is, if William Shakespeare wrote the plays bearing his name, he discovered the circulation of the blood instead of Dr. William Harvey. And further, if Shakespeare did write the plays, Harvey stole the discovery from Shakespeare. One of these statements must be correct if it is allowed for an instant that William Shakespeare wrote the plays, and I will now proceed to prove my statement. I must preface it with a short epitome of both Harvey and Shakespeare.

Dr. Harvey took his literary degree at Calus College, Cambridge, and his medical degree at the great school of medicine at Padua. He returned to London and was, in the year 1615, appointed Lumlian professor at Bartholomew Hospital. In the

year 1616, about the latter part, he made his first discovery of the circulation, but did not make it public until the year 1619, when he published his first little monograph upon the subject, but it was not until the year 1628 that he became fully sure the world was ready for the announcement. In that year he published the work which makes him famous at the present day.

Master William Shakespeare finished writing, so his biographers tell us, in the year 1612, and although the works bearing his name were not published until 1623, and although they were double in amount, all of them having been rewritten, still, the gentlemen referred to say he did nothing after 1612. Master William, having finished his work, thought it best to depart from this vale of tears, and did so in April, 1616. Notice the last of his writing, done in 1612, and his death occurring in the April before Harvey makes his discovery.

If there is one word in the plays of the circulation, then there is a great discrepancy between Shakespeare and Harvey. For if Harvey did make it Shakespeare must have risen from his grave to write it in the 1623 edition. If, on the other hand, Shakespeare wrote it before his death, then Harvey must have stolen it. The first thought that arises is, get the early editions of the plays and see if it was in them. But here steps in a difficulty which we cannot overcome, namely, six of the plays never appeared except in the 1623 edition, and all the others are completely rewritten and enlarged to about double their original size. For instance, Richard Third's whole opening speech, commencing "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this son of York" is not found in any of the early editions of the plays. So of them all, they are so changed from the first printed copies that there is no use in citing them in any way, so that we are forced to abide by the 1623 edition and no other.

This being the case, and as the 1623 is the only edition having all the so-called Shakespeare plays, we will use that as the basis of comparison. If you will take your fac-simile of 1623 and turn to Coriolanus, page 2, you may read the first of the quotations I shall make:

"Your most grave belly was deliberate,  
Not rash like his accusers and thus answered:

True is it, my incorporate friend, quoth he,  
That I receive the general food at first  
Which do you live upon; and fit it is;  
Because I am the store-house and the shop  
Of the whole body: but if you do remember,  
I send it through the rivers of your blood,  
Even to the court the heart—to th' seat o'  
th' braine;

And, through the cranks and offices of man,  
The strongest nerves, and small inferior  
veines,

From me receive that natural competencie  
Whereby they live; and though that all at  
once,

You, my good friends (this says the belly)  
mark me.

Now please turn to Romeo and Juliette,  
page 53, and read:

With purple fountains issuing from your  
veins.

Then the same, page 71:

Take thou this viole, being then in bed,  
And this distilling liquor drink thou of,

When presently through all thy veins shall  
run

A cold and drowsy humor, for no pulse  
Shall keep his native progress but sur-  
cease;

No warmth nor breath shall testify thou  
lives;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall  
fade.

Next turn to Love's Labour Lost, page  
135:

Why, universal plodding poisons up  
The nimble spirits in the arteries:  
As motion, and long during action, tires  
The sinewy vigor of the traveler.

Now drop down the same column and  
read:

Lives not alone emured in the brain;  
But with the motion of all elements,  
Courses as swift as thought in every  
power;

And gives to every power a double power,  
Above their functions and their offices.  
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;

Turn to the same play, page 134, and  
read:

When a hand, a foot, a face, an eye, a  
gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a  
waist, a leg, a limb.

Now Twelfth Night, page 255:

Liver, brain, and heart,  
These sovereign thrones are all supplied  
and filled.

The same, page 266:

If he were opened and you find so much  
blood in his liver  
As will clog the foot of a flea, I will eat  
th' rest of th' anatomy.

Now turn to Henry the Sixth, part II.,  
page 134:

See how the blood is settled in his face.  
Oft have I seene a timely-parted ghost  
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and  
bloodless

Being all descended to the labouring heart  
Who in the conflict that it holds with  
death

Attracts the same for aydance 'gainst the  
enemy,

Which with the heart there cools and ne're  
returneth

To blush and beautifie the cheek againe.  
But see his face is blacke and full of  
blood.

Now read Henry the Fourth, part II.,  
page 92:

The vitall commoners and inland pette  
spirits

Muster me all to their capitaine, the  
heart, who great

And puffed up with his retinue, doth any  
deed of courage.

Winter's Tale, page 302 reads:

Let be, let be would I were dead but that  
methinks already

(What was he that did make it) see (my  
Lord) would you not deeme

It breathed and that those veines  
Did verily beare blood?

Masterly done.

The very life seems warm upon her lippe;  
The fixture of her eye has motion in it,  
as we

Are mock'd with art.

Merchant of Venice, page 179, reads:

A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
new come from Padua.

And just below it read:

My flesh, blood, bones and all  
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of  
blood.

As You Like It, page 204, William, Sir;

And Henry the Fourth, part first, page 50:

Falstaff, Harvey Rossil.

Merry Wives of Windsor, page 42:

Master Doctor Calus.

Love's Labour Lost, page 122:

The which I hope well is not enrolled there.

Much Ado About Nothing, page 121, reads:

A college of witrackers.

Page 144:

Ile change my blacke gowne.  
You shall this twelve months terme from  
day to day

Visite the speechlesse sicke and still con-  
verse

With groaning wretches with all the fierce  
endeavor of your wit

To enforce the pained impotent to smile;

To move wild laughter in the throate of  
death

A twelve month well befall what will be-  
fall

Ile jest a twelve month in an hospitall.

Now, Henry the Fourth, part II, page  
84:

Little Tydle Bartholomew.

Midsomer's Night's Dreame, page 151:

If I cut my finger I shall make bold with  
you.

All's Well That Ends Well, page 235:

When our most learned doctors leave us  
and

The congregated college have concluded  
That labouring art can never ransome  
nature

From her inaydible estate.

The same, page 238:

Strange it is that our bloods  
Of colour, waight, and heat pour'd all to-  
gether would quite confound destinc-  
tion.

Winter's Tale, page 278:

I have tremor cordis on me, my heart  
daunces

But not for joy, not joy.

King John, page 11:

Had bak'd thy blood and made it thicke  
and heavy

Which else runs tickling up and downe the  
veines.

As You Like It, page 193:

My lungs began to crow like chanticleere.  
The same,

That in civility thou seemst so emptie  
You touched my veines at first the thorny  
point.

Henry Fourth, second part, page 85:

And changes fill the cup of alteration with  
divers liquor.

If my hearers will now read these quo-  
tations all together I think they will be  
obliged to admit that the author of the  
plays had a very good knowledge of the  
great discovery. See how the words meat  
and join, arteries, veins, inferlor veins,  
spirits run through the veins, pulse sur-  
cease, mocked with art. Purple distilling  
liquor bluish and beautifile the cheek,  
nimble spirits through the arteries,  
et cetera. Is this chance? If it were in  
one place it might be, but as it recurs  
again and again it must have been put  
there for some purpose and as the author  
was in his grave, that is if Shakespeare  
was the author of the plays, Harvey must  
have stolen the great discovery. . . . .

If you will now permit me to place these  
quotations together I think I can amuse  
you for a moment; see if it cannot be read  
about as follows:

"I have oft seene Dr. William Harvey,  
the new doctor from Padua, at Bartholo-  
mew Hospital, in the presence of the  
learned doctors, force a purple, distilling  
liquor through the veines of a dead body,  
and, after it had descended to the heart,  
liver, and lungs, the blood-coloured liquor  
returneth againe to the face which blacke  
and full of blood, or pale, meagre, and  
bloodless before, doth bluish and beautifile,  
as if with life; you would think the body  
breathed; the very lippe is warme to look  
upon; but we are mock'd with art as there  
is no pulse gainst the finger and though  
the arteries seem full, yet no life is pres-  
ent. The legs, waist, arms, hand, brow,  
and limbs seem alive, but we can never  
ransome nature. The doctor was enrolled  
at Calus College." In parenthesis I may  
tell you this extract when completed is  
signed Sir Francis Bacon.

You can understand that I cannot in this  
lecture read all the quotations to be found  
in the play regarding medicine, but I am  
in hopes that I have given you something  
new, and for the most part never before  
given to the world, and thanking you for  
your kind attention, I will, like the epi-  
logue to an old play, make my bow and  
exit.

AUDITORIUM HOTEL, CHICAGO, ILL., October 26th, 1893.

\* \* \* "I have long been a convert to the idea that Shakespeare could not have written Shakes-  
peare's Plays, and that no one but Bacon could, but the proof was lacking. Donnelly's Cryptogram was  
entirely unsatisfactory, and until this book arrived I had seen nothing that seemed to bear internal  
evidence of truth. This book is astounding. I do not believe there is a man living, capable of conceiv-  
ing and writing out that terrible curse. It is positively appalling in its force and bitterness. The descrip-  
tion of Queen Elizabeth is a marvel of word portraiture."

W. C. COMSTOCK.

DETROIT, MICH., October 19th, 1893.

\* \* \* "Dr. Owen has won his results by hard work. He has shown the enthusiasm of a  
scholar and the honest search for truth of a scientist. The results speak for themselves."

DAVID INGLIS, M. D.

# BACON'S CIPHER STORY.

## THE WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF DR. O. W. OWEN.

Tales Surpassing in Interest the Original Plays, Essays and Poems From Which They Are Taken.

(DETROIT EVENING NEWS.)

The first part of Dr. O. W. Owen's work on "Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story" can now be obtained in the book stores. It opens abruptly, without preface or explanation of any kind, and on this account may appear to some as incomplete; but "Sir Francis Bacon's Letter to the Decipherer," with which the volume begins, is a preface in itself, and is an appetite-whetter for more of the wonderful story that could not be excelled.

However, while the book itself may be complete, a review of it would not be so without some explanation. Not a few have held that the plays ascribed to Shakspeare were written by Bacon. Numerous reasons have been given for this belief, among them the fact of Bacon's learning, versatility and erudition. Gen. Butler believed Bacon wrote Shakspeare. Ignatius Donnelly has published a book which he claims gives the cipher unravelling the mystery. But those who have seen Donnelly's book at once apprehend that it is an explanation that does not explain. In consequence it remains dead on the shelves of the book stores, with hardly a friend left to do it reverence.

Dr. Owen has been eight years working at the Bacon cipher. How he first discovered it is a story left for a later volume. But "Sir Francis Bacon's Letter to the Decipherer" gives one an idea. A supposed questioner asks Sir Francis how to proceed to read the cipher:

"What simple rule is there to teach me the way to shift?"

Sir Francis answers:

"Take your knife and cut all our books asunder,  
And set the leaves on a great firm wheel  
Which rolls and rolls, and turning the  
Fickle rolling wheel, throw your eyes upon  
FORTUNE.

That goddess blind that stands upon  
A spherical stone, that turning and inconstant rolls  
In restless variation. Mark her the prime mover;  
She is our first guide. \* \* \*  
You are now out of the wood.  
And may begin, and throughout your journeys  
You shall have no further difficulty;  
For this first guide in its working teacheth you  
The whole."

Dr. Owen has taken Bacon's works, cut them asunder and placed them on "a great wheel." He turns the wheel according to directions, and line after line, and paragraph after paragraph of the most wonderful stories unfold themselves without a hitch, without the necessity of adding a single word. Besides the letter to the decipherer, this volume gives "The Epistle

Dedicatory," "Description of Queen Elizabeth," "General Curse," and "Sir Francis Bacon's Life." This last tells that Sir Francis Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth, his father the Earl of Leicester, and that he was the rightful heir to the throne of England. If this is not startling enough, the scene between Elizabeth and the woman who is accused of saying that the queen had given birth to a son most certainly is:

"With shrilling shrieks  
The wretched lady turned  
And in a twinkling, like the current, flies  
In violent swift flight from her fair foe.  
After her, in rage and malice,  
The great queen chases.  
As she doth bound away her sunny locks  
Hang o'er her temples like a golden fleece,  
And as she flies, inflamed with rage,  
Her gown slipped from her,  
And in her shift she springs along.  
In a circle they take their flight,  
And after long pursuit and vain assay,  
Whether fear, wicked fortune  
Or cruel fate the girl misled,  
By some unfortunate hap or accident  
Down she did tumble:  
And being a woman there did lie.  
The angered princess as she lies,  
Above her lily arms turned her smock,  
And in her hair her hands she dived  
And hales her up and down  
In cruel wrath \* \* \*  
And the queen,  
Who in her hand the foul knife grasps,  
Did jump upon her and they both  
Together fell upon the slippery floor.  
Unmoved with her piteous tears  
And prayers, th' despiteful queen  
At the maiden's heart  
And snow-white breasts did strike and tilt."

It would seem as if it were impossible, without some well-defined rule, and back of this some great reason, to take the works of any writer and patch up stories of men and events if the author of the works had not previously cunningly hid these tales within his essays, plays, histories and poems. The works under which Bacon "concealed, hid and masked" himself the cipher says: (See page 22.)

"We will enumerate them by their whole titles.  
From the beginning to the end: William Shakspeare,  
Robert Green, George Peel and Christopher Marlow's  
Stage plays; The Fairy Queen, Shepherd's Calendar,  
The history of Henry the Seventh, the Natural History,  
The Interpretation of Nature, the Great Instauration,  
Advancement of Learning, the De Augmentis Scientiarum,  
Our Essays, and all the other works our own."

To many the stories unfolded in this book will be more interesting than the original writings from which they are taken.

The Howard Publishing Company, of this city, have taken charge of "Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story," and the price of this first part, consisting of 198 pages, is fifty cents in paper cover.

SIR FRANCIS BACON'S  
CIPHER STORY.

DISCOVERED AND DECIPHERED BY  
ORVILLE W. OWEN, M. D.

VOL. I.

DETROIT AND NEW YORK:  
HOWARD PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
1893.

~~8091~~

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By ORVILLE W. OWEN.

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## Sir Francis Bacon's Letter to the Decipherer.

LONDON, 1623.

MY DEAR SIR :

Thus leaning on my elbow I begin the letter scattered  
wider than the sky and earth ;  
And yet the spacious breadth of this division,  
As it spreads round in the widest circle,  
Admits the mingling of the four great guides we use,  
So that we have no need of any minute rule  
To make the opening of our device  
Appear as plainly to you as the sun.  
But sir, at the same time, there is no orifrex  
For a point as subtle as Ariachne's broken woof  
To enter, in its whole bulk or substance, unless you have  
Found out the guides of all our shifts and changes.  
And if you give away or hedge aside  
From the direct forthright,  
Like to an entered tide they all rush by  
And leave you hindermost ;  
Or like a gallant horse false in first rank,  
Lie there for pavement to the abject nere,  
O'errun and trampled on.  
And for fear that you would go astray from our design  
Before you had your powers well put on,  
We have marked out a plan in this epistle  
To communicate to you how our great cipher cues combine ;  
And we beseech you ask of us  
What questions you may choose  
And in what manner ; and we will answer unpremeditated,  
And you shall find we will,

By the asking of questions and the answers,  
Tell you in what disjoined and separate books  
The secrets are laid up; and  
Thus by question and dialogue of compliment,  
And talking of the Alps and Apennines, the Perennean,  
And the River Poe, we will write a letter to your lordship.  
Now question us and catechise;  
What you shall ask of us we'll answer.

“Sweet sir, you honour me. I fear with my weak wit  
I know not how it is to be questioned.”

“O sir, that is a question now, and here, like  
An A B Sey book, comes the answer.  
You must either be directed by some who know  
What we are about, or take upon yourself  
That which we are sure you do not know;  
And yet it is easy, if only care be taken  
That the text be torn to pieces and  
Diligently and severely sifted for the questions  
And the answers which are well shadowed  
Out in endless variety; for the story begins  
With questions, and we put together the question  
And the answer plainly.”

“What shall I do now?”

“Make trial of this union.”

“But they are all divided, and I shall not know  
Which are to be joined, except you tell me both what  
Is to be enquired and with what view.”

“It is necessary to take all the questions  
To find our cues. Then we will have no screen between us.  
For the more it seeks to hide itself,  
The bigger bulk it shows; and if you  
Can hit upon and pick out the cues,

The chain will draw after it whole bands and troops of works.  
Keep these questions then together,  
And when you have seen more and heard more,  
Proceed accordingly."

"I will obey you in everything.

The way, however, is not easy.  
How can a man who knows not from whence  
The words come, turn the questions?  
The work will be either abortive or impossible,  
Unless my steps be guided by a clew;  
And your honor must not think that which is hid so well  
Can be sifted without an easy and ready rule  
To make it smooth. The first question is, therefore,  
What simple plain rule is there to teach me  
The way to shift?"

"Sir, the mightiest space in fortune, nature brings,  
To join like, likes; and kiss like native things.  
Impossible be strange attempts to those  
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose  
What has been cannot be.  
Take your knife and cut all our books asunder,  
And set the leaves on a great firm wheel  
Which rolls and rolls, and turning the  
Fickle rolling wheel, throw your eyes upon FORTUNE,  
that goddess blind, that stands upon  
A spherical stone, that turning and inconstant rolls  
In restless variation. Mark her the prime mover;  
She is our first guide."

"Have I discovered your first great guide and stop?"

"You have, and the first chapter by its aid  
Will now be laid open and found out."

"I understand you, sir, to say I must place the leaves

Upon a great wheel, and cast mine eye first upon  
Fortune itself?"

"You understand well. You have won. You are now  
out of the wood,

And may begin, and throughout your journeys  
You shall have no further difficulty;  
For this first guide in its working teacheth you  
The whole. And we will henceforth  
Promise you calm seas and voyage expeditious.  
And we will warrant you from drowning,  
Though your ship were no stronger than  
A nut-shell, and as leaky as a sieve.  
And indeed, you shall put out to sea with your  
Ship tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd,  
The poop of beaten gold, and the silver oars  
Will to the tune of flutes keep stroke  
And make the waters which they beat to  
Follow faster, as amorous of their strokes;  
The sails so perfumed, that the love-sick winds  
With gentle breath, will swell the silken tackle,  
And fan in auspicious gales the purple woven sails,  
Which shall be tended by so many mermaids,  
Who yarely frame with touches of flower-soft hands,  
Their office.

"At the helm will a seeming mermaid steer;  
And from the topmast, soaring aloft in the beams o' the sun,  
Shall wave the British colours fairer than the princely  
Roman eagle of imperial Cæsar, and  
Under a pavilion of cloth of gold and tissue,  
(Its roof fretted with golden cherubim, hung  
Round with tapestry, o'er-picturing with  
Divers coloured fancy work smiling cupids,

Pretty dimpled boys depending on their brands,  
Venus and her son dove-drawn,  
Chaste Dian bathing, proud Cleopatra  
When she met her Roman, and Sidus swelled  
Above the banks with press of boats or pride),  
Shall set a burnisht throne where your highness  
May take your rest, and tossing on the ocean,  
See, as it were, the pageants of the sea,  
The argosies, who with portly sail like  
Seigniors and rich burgers on the flood,  
Do over-peer the petty traffiquers  
That curtsie to them, do them reverence  
As they fly by them with their woven wings.  
And your train shall bestow your luggage  
In the cabin of our brave vessel, and  
Trouble us not, while we, in our sea voyage,  
Where there is nothing to be seen but sea and sky,  
Will waste the time with such  
Discourse, as we not doubt, will make it go quick away;  
For we will deliver all the story of our life, and the particular  
Accidents gone by since we came to this isle;  
A chronicle of day by day, not a relation  
For a break-fast time, and we will requite  
You for the time you have lost, or at least  
Bring forth a wonder to content you."

"Doth fortune show all?"

"No, she doth not show it all; but turn  
Your fortune's face to face, and point to point;  
And in a moment fortune will cull forth  
Her happy minion."

"Fortune must be joined with another then,  
For the successful directing of the course aright?"

"It is necessary, sir, to find three more."

"What are they, sir?"

"Fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off  
Of nature's wit; and so have we.  
For you, peradventure, work neither by nature nor fortune.  
Are your natural wits too dull to reason?"

"You mock me, my lord."

"Indeed, is nature too hard for you? Why then, we  
will speak it.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.  
Our second guide is the Latin word NATUS."

"Your honor shall see now how I will work  
To bring this matter to the wished end. For I see an end.  
But I have but two yet, and you tell me I must find out  
four."

"That is true, but it seemeth to us, that only by  
Fortune and nature  
Could you have enquired so far. .  
Follow fortune as a leader, and nature and her radicals  
As a guide, and if you look sharply and attentively  
It is certain you shall see that now and then  
Fortune and nature are at fault; and then we make  
HONOUR and REPUTATION  
The two words to guide you toward the end.  
So now the gates are ope, now prove FORTUNE,  
NATURE, HONOUR and REPUTATION widens them.  
And so we leave you to your wandering lot,  
Wishing good luck to your wandering steps."

"Ah, my dear lord, upon mine honour  
I have sought to match the cues,  
But I know not how to use them.  
They are so obscure that they are inscrutable.

I have tread an endless trace in ways unentered,  
In labours long and wide, withouten guide  
Or good direction how to enter in, or how  
To issue forth, for it would seem that there is  
No system to the puzzle.  
And by heaven, methinks it were as easy  
To leap and pluck bright honour from the  
Pale-faced moon, or dive into the bottom of the  
Deep, where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
And pluck up drownéd honour by the locks,  
As to endeavour to catch your divers ciphers,  
While setting the great wheel to which is fixed,  
As to an ayne or butt, wide stretched,  
All thy leaves in continual motion, and make their parts  
Keep in one consent, congreeing in full  
And natural close, like music.  
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look ;  
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,  
Pluck the young cubs from the she bear,  
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,  
To win the cipher. But alas! the while,  
If Hercules and Lychas play at dice,  
Which is the better man? The throw may turn by fortune  
From the greater to the weaker hand ;  
So is Alcides beaten by his rage ;  
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,  
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,  
And die with grieving.  
For by God's sonties, sir,  
'T will be a hard way to hit."

"We knew this would be your answer,  
Yet ought your feeble spirits, that

'Gan faint and reel at this thought  
That 'my quest is o'er,' to rise again;  
For it already seems that  
Fortune's headlong wheel begins to turn  
And sun to shine more bright than it was wont.  
Listen now to us, and we shall make it  
As bright and beautiful as Glorie's beams appear,  
Whose goodly light than Phœbus' lamp  
Doth shine more clear.  
And sir, though far and wide the secret thread  
Of these rules seems scatteréd,  
This distribution ceases if you  
To one place carry all the words of your cue.  
Then may you see the great flood  
Or confluence of materials carries along with it  
The key of every story for the instruction  
Of the decipherer. And as a sentence  
Is but a cheveral glove to a good wit,  
The wrong side may be quickly turned outward  
And transposed to another meaning.  
Therefore, let your own discretion be your tutor.  
And suit the action to the word, and the word to the action,  
With this special observance, that you match  
Conjugates, parallels and relatives by placing  
Instances which are related one to another  
By themselves, and all the concordances  
Which have a correspondence and analogy  
With each other should be commingled with the connaturals.  
And when you have collected a sufficient quantity  
Of absolutely similar matter, by skilful handling  
The proper collocation of things may be  
Made out and disentangled.

The connections, concatenations or unions,  
Ought to be, and will be, observed. For they are  
Interspersed in sufficient quantities to allow  
The correspondences to be revealed so clearly  
That any purblind eye may find them out.  
They are so clear, so shining, so naked, and so evident,  
That they will, in the full course of their glory,  
Glimmer through a blind man's eye;  
And by transferring and putting together in conjunction  
Or combination the aggregation of similars,  
You will find, my lord, it shall be our care  
To have you so royally appointed that  
You shall not want one word, and you will find  
You have solved the riddle; for many things  
Having reference to one consent may work contrariously.  
As many arrows loosed several ways come to one mark;  
As many winding ways meet in one town;  
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;  
As many straight lines close in the dial's center,  
Then so may a thousand ciphers, once afoot,  
And in one purpose, be all well borne."

"Heaven give me the patience that I need,  
For alas! the way is wearisome and long;  
And if I had dreamed it was such a task  
Of labour and of judgment to winnow the truth from falsehood,  
And sort, match, and combine the disjointed fragments,  
Putting it together so that all things  
Are changed and nothing lost;  
To leave no rubs or botches in the work,  
(For if it is not well done, 't is but a botch,  
And will be but an ape imitating nothing to the life,

But bringing forth only that which is lame and counterfeit,) I warrant you I would not have begun.  
For in sooth it wearies me to study  
For the mixed words. I marvel you would make me.  
The very troublesomeness of carefully searching  
Everywhere for the quandom directions,  
Without regular order, is such a plague.  
Oh, it is a tedious search  
By indirections to find directions out.  
I was a fool to take it upon myself to open it."

"You say it wearies you to study?

A true devoted pilgrim is not weary  
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps.  
Then how much less should you, that with our wings can fly,  
And when the flight is made to a world so dear?  
Yet how many weary steps have you o'er gone?  
How many weary miles?  
Have you in your travel measured one mile  
In your hunt for this golden crown?  
No, not one mile. And sir,  
What is the end of study? Let me know."

"Why that to know which else we would not know."

"Things hid and bar'd, you mean, fro' common sense.  
Aye; that is studie's Godlike recompense."

"Is not study like the heaven's glorious sun,  
That will not be deep search'd with sauncy looks?"

"Aye, but small have continual plodders ever won  
Save base authority from others' books,  
And painfully to pore upon a book,  
Seeking the light of truth,  
While truth the while doth falsely  
Blind the eyesight of his look,

(For light seeking light doth light of light beguile)  
Is, if you please, a barren task too hard for me ;  
For ere I find where light in darkness lies,  
My light grows dark by losing of mine eyes."

"Then we would burn our study.

Will you tell us how you, who are ignorant,  
Can master our secret, or take upon yourself  
That which we are sure you do not know,  
Unless you be directed, as neither  
Wit nor meditation can be relied upon to loose the  
Gordion knot, or unpeg the basket  
And let our sweet birds fly? And remember, sir,  
If all the years were playing hollidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work ;  
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come.  
And believe us, sir, we did not dare to have  
Our ventures in one bottom trusted,  
Nor to one place.

"Thou darest not? Why?"

"I'll tell you : for fear the finder out  
Of this secret story in inconsiderate zeal  
Might make it known unto our great mother,  
Or the king. And then our life and glory,  
Like a shooting star, would from the firmament fall  
To the base earth.  
For, my good lord, in this secret way  
We unfold a dangerous chronicle, and by starts  
Unclasp a secret book to your quick conceiving,  
And read you matter deep and dangerous,  
As full of peril and adventurous spirit  
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud  
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

And if we fall in, good-night; we could not swim,  
And so would sink. Therefore, we humbly implore and  
prayer

By the immortal God and His Son, our Saviour,  
That you beware how you unfold the ways  
Of searching out the ciphers, at least  
Till we be dead."

"I hope your honor takes no question  
But I will deal in this as secretly and justly  
As your soul should with your body."

"I'll tell you straight, we are questioned  
By our fears of what may chance. For if it be found out  
In our life-time we would have no other shift  
But first to confess and then be hanged upon the gallows.  
Then if you would not be an honourable murderer,  
My dear lord, vouchsafe to take this oath  
Never to reveal the great narrative that you have found  
While we live, but to publish it as a posthumous work,  
So that posterity may see our genius,  
And that we may reap the fruit of our modesty."

"Tut! Fear ye, sir, that I shall turn traitor?"

"We cordially confess that we do.  
We tremble at the thought."

"You are deceived. I have some honour.  
Upon mine honour and the greatness of my word,  
I will not work you any wrong;  
In proof whereof I will now, sir, swear and vow  
To keep my word to you."

"Kneel down then, my lord, and lay your hand upon  
my sword,

And swear, so help you mercy, that how strange  
Or odd so e'er we bear ourself (as we perchance hereafter

Shall think to put an Antic disposition on ;)  
That you at such times seeing us, never shall  
With arms encumbered thus, or thus, head shake ;  
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,  
As 'well I know,' or 'I could and if I would,'  
Or 'if I list to speak ;' or 'there be and if there might,'  
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note,  
That you know ought of us. This not to do,  
So grace and mercy at your most need help you !  
Sweare."

"I sweare."

"Sweare by my sword never to speak of this  
That you have found while we do live."

"I sweare."

"Sweare never to publish that we conceal under the  
names  
Of others our own till we are dead."

"I sweare."

"Sweare never to reveal the secret cipher words  
That guide your steps from part to part,  
Nor how it is gathered, joined or put together,  
Till we be dead, so help you God !"

"Here I do bend my knee with thine, and sweare  
I will not upon any pretense speak of this,  
Nor publish it, nor set down in writing the words you use,  
Or what you do impart to me, so long, my lord,  
As you have life, so help me God. And in this vow  
I do chain my soul to thine ;  
And ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,  
I throw mine hands, mine eyes, my heart to you.  
And when I break this oath that here  
I swear to you let me turn monster."

"Most noble sir, arise. You have now  
But to follow all the guides like as a scholar .  
When he doth translate the verses of the Latin poets,  
And turns the words as in his judgment  
They should be writ.  
You will not fail if to the work  
You give time enough, for it is translated so easy  
It is almost mechanical; and if it all be  
Grossely and variably collected, fortune shall play  
Upon your prosperous helm, and you shall find  
Our philosophy and natural history are not built  
Into pleasant and beautiful works like the frets  
In roofs of houses, where one can scarce find  
A posture in square, or triangle, or straight line,  
Amongst such an infinite number.  
But they are only like a granery or store-house  
Of matters, not meant to be pleasant  
To stay or live in, but only to be entered  
As occasion requires when any thing is wanted  
For the work, by the interpreter."

"My lord, all my fortunes at your feet I'll lay,  
And follow you throughout the world.  
Here is my honour's pawn. Engage it  
To the trial."

"If you'll sit down and question us again  
We'll strive to tell you more concerning  
This great quest, as our fame and reputation  
Is at stake."

"Will you tell me this, namely: Whether there be a  
system?"

"It was not your wandering eyes, glancing unawares  
In sluggish way, that has guided your

Straight course through sweet diversity.  
Then wherefore should you ask us such a question ?  
Nevertheless we will answer you. See you not  
That we have order in disorder ? Could you have  
Advanced one step without a prompter through ways  
So scattered and dispersed ? Explain this circle  
Of transformation which nature accomplishes  
By many windings. If you will hound  
Nature or Pan in her wanderings, the smallest twine  
Will lead us. But governed unskillfully and by chance,  
Your weary bark will run on the deceitful rocks,  
And the shocks of the dashing seas of ignorance  
That are embattled against you,  
Will in its ebb and flow dash your  
Tempest tossed bark to pieces,  
As does the sea in stronds afar remote  
The wayward posters of the ocean.  
And you, heart sick with thought, weak with musing,  
And your search so slow that you may well be laughed at,  
Will perish like the ship which, having no pilot aboard,  
Does with shivering shock knock on the rocks.  
But you under the guidance of the key words,  
Which are placed like lamps in the highest window  
Of the house's top to give light unto the pilot  
Aboard the ship, and show him the way that he,  
In the mist and fog, may follow the straight passage  
Between the submarine rocks that are ever present  
In the channel of the winding shore, will  
Save your ship from wrack.  
And, being governed by them as the sea  
Is governed by the moon, you may ebb and flow like the sea,  
According to the impulses of the various

And wandering stories ; and you must  
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times  
And into an hour-glass, turning the  
Accomplishment of many years, for many things  
Are at a distance that near at hand are concealed,  
And have no apparent relation, but if part of one  
Be tacked on or laid side by side with another part,  
From the beginning to the end, proceeding first  
By gradations, and then suddenly by jumps ;  
And if you alternate this process you will undo  
The several accounts. As it changes  
And transforms itself into a strange variety  
Of shapes and appearances, so that at length,  
After running through the whole circle  
And completing the period you can find out  
Where you should begin and end ; for by  
Transplanting the most remote  
And most completely separated parts in the confused  
And mixed books, by means hitherto unattempted,  
This epistle keeps giving either explanations or advice.  
For we this garden to adorn with all variety—  
Flowers with flowers and weeds amongst weeds—  
Have mingled, each gathered in its place  
As the husbandman patiently transplants  
The scattered roots in knotted, tangled and irregular lines,  
That men his garden's glory should admire.  
For thus arrayed, each the other's work does beautify ;  
And such collection must be made, by digging up  
In this manner the various hidden roots  
Which then may be transferred to their own beds.  
Set them together, and fold them over and over,  
And the words compound."

“What mean you, sir, by compound words?”

“No one can be so dull as to believe

That we have set the whole name of any man

Open amongst the subject matter.

That certainly would be childish in the highest degree.

On the contrary, though the names are set

So frequent, you must understand the device,

(And our device, we think, will out-strip all praise,)

Before you can discover how we overcome the difficulty.

We use the simple and safe plan of consort.

The similarity of word with word,

Contributes to preserve the whole from discovery.

However, we will show you how, for the speedy

And perfect attaining of names, to fit the words.

And if you know how one is obtained,

You know how all are coupled.

So please take our on-hers, and we'll strive

To let you understand the method that you must employ

In unraveling and unlocking the double words;

And we will here give you five different examples

Of the ways to put the words together

That your honor may see, know and practice

The easy methods of writing which the author has used,

And by the help of the pattern, make ready way.

And we hope this easy, simple and obvious method

Of arranging things will open wide

The window to your honor.

First, then: Turn to the *Mid Summer Night's Dream*,

And look into the speech of Bottom, wherein

He is recounting his past complications,

And see how, in his speech, he misplaces the scripture,

Whereof you, sir, shall need but to read

To see the manner of putting together  
Or separating the sense of the work; and it proveth,  
Simply and plainly, the ingenious means of writing  
Without creating suspicion."

"Your honor means this passage, do you not?  
'The eye of man hath not heard,  
The ear of man hath not seen,  
Man's hand is not able to taste,  
His tongue to conceive,  
Nor his heart to report,  
What my dream was.'"

"We do. And is it not legible?  
Can you not easily change the words from one end  
To another, and make it read right? Thus:  
'The eye of man hath not seen,  
The ear of man hath not heard,  
Man's hand is not able to report,  
His tongue to taste,  
Nor his heart to conceive  
What my dream was.'

Next, my lord, turn to *Love's Labour's Lost*,  
And where the company of counterfeit actors  
Play before the queen, read the passage of wit  
Between them and the spectators.  
See how one of the auditors compounded the name  
Of one of the actors."

"I think this is the place:  
'Therefore, as he is an asse, let him go;  
And so adieu sweet Jude. Nay, why dost thou stay?'  
'For the latter end of his name.'  
For the asse to the Jude: Give it him, Jud-as away."

"You have it, sir. Now look into the  
Two Gentlemen of Verona, where Protheus and Speed  
In the second scene have argument, and to one another  
Speak these words:"

'But what said she?'

'I.'

'Nod-I. Why that's noddly.

You mistook, sir; I said she did nod;

And you asked me if she did nod, and I say I.

And that set together is noddly.

Now you have taken the pains to set it together,

Take it for your pains.'

"Now see in the same play the singular skirmishings  
And attacks of Speed and Launce, when they first meet;  
And in their solemn foolishness you may read  
This triple conjunction:

'Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it stands well with  
her.

What an asse art thou! I understand thee not.

What a block art thou that thou canst not;

My staffe understands me.'

'It stands under thee indeed.'

'Why, stand-under, and under-stand is all one.'

"And where they read the letter, if you look you may  
see this:

'Item, she can sowe.

That's as much as to say (can she so?)'

"Now then take the name of the great commander,  
Nerve and bone of our English fleet,  
When in the wide sea they overcame  
The knights of tawnie Spain. Fit the first and

Last half together, and How-word (Howard) may be  
Made out clear and absolute.

Ought not the relation, correspondence, and similitude  
In this collection, put the suspicion of failure  
In operation out of your mind ?  
Is it not plain ? ”

“ Indeed it is. Then the cipher keys and words ought  
To be written as they are pronounced,  
And not in the usual way.”

“ In this cryptic or concealment, the pronunciation  
Should *not* agree with the writing. Your grace  
May spell them backward, or match the terminations  
Of the syllables, according to the varied matter.”

“ Is it in verse ? I cannot show it in rhyme.  
I have tried. I was not born under a rhyming planet.”

“ Sir, have you not read, a good poet's made, as well as  
born ?

But as the matter could not be made  
To even run smoothly in the broad road of blank verse,  
It is not in rhyme, though we have now and then,  
Both for the pleasure of the interpreter and reader,  
Annexed very short verses and speeches in rhyme.  
We have also appended to the letters  
A true notice, or biographical account  
Of each character that will appear  
In the course of the history. In the first place,  
Because they are of so fresh memory  
As to be easily discerned, it was necessary  
That care should be taken to so frame them  
That such as are still living might not,  
At the first sight, stumble upon such discoveries,  
And see that we employed their own nature or character

As models, or find the author's own origin,  
Which is one of the greatest secrets locked  
Within the writings. And, for the sake of  
Our own safety, we executed the work in short  
And scattered sentences, linked together in rude lines,  
And any reader of moderate sagacity  
And intelligence should see our manner of writing  
This history (as it actually and really is)  
Is such that it could not be compounded and divided,  
Composed, decomposed, and composed again in manifold

ways,

And made to mingle and unite by fits and starts,  
And be in verse. It will be found the feet are  
Weak and lame, even in the blank verse.  
Look at the mass of works we use. Some of the story  
Has more feet than the verses would bear,  
And you must exercise your own judgement  
And give it smoothness when it lamely halts.  
Be not alarmed; there will be little difficulty in doing this.  
On the contrary, the easier and plainer  
Will everything become the nearer the  
Investigation approaches the end.  
Nor should you expect anything exquisite in it.  
We are sorry it is not so rich in worth  
Or beauty as it might have been made,  
Had we not, to prevent its discovery, and to provide  
For our own future safety, buried it deep  
Beneath a mass of falsehood.  
We have shaped forth a faithful narrative of facts,  
Large in bulk and extent, and pleasing in variety,  
Rather than a treasure house of eloquence or poesy.  
On the other hand, we have made it

By the luminous brilliancy of the matter,  
So suitable to its dignity, that we will vouch  
That it shall not either be laughed at or made fun of.  
On the contrary, future generations and posterity,  
By the assistance of our work, will have  
A faithful, true, and strange account  
Of the mysteries of the kingdom, and the  
Succession of strange fortunes that we have had.  
And we desire those into whose hands  
This work shall fall, that they understand  
That our design is, frankly, and  
Without circumlocution, to write and to publish  
A clear and formal history of our time,  
Though we have sometimes introduced  
By way of ornament to the history,  
And to give luster to our own name,  
Information and revelation in noble  
And melodious measures.  
But there may yet be missing of your company,  
Some few odd lads that we have used, whom  
You remember not. And it now becomes absolutely  
                    necessary  
For you to search out the works of which  
You are not already possessed, and  
Put them upon your wheel."

"Will you name the works under which you have  
Concealed, hid, and masked yourself?"

"We will enumerate them by their whole titles  
From the beginning to the end : William Shakespeare,  
Robert Green, George Peel, and Christopher Marlow's  
Stage plays ; The Fairy Queen, Shepherd's Calendar,  
And all the works of Edmund Spenser ;

The Anatomy of Melancholy of Robert Burton,  
The History of Henry the Seventh, the Natural History,  
The Interpretation of Nature, the Great Instauration,  
Advancement of Learning, the De Augmentis Scientiarum,  
Our Essays, and all the other works of our own."

"I am ready to distrust mine eyes and wrangle with my  
Reason that persuades me to any other truth but that  
I am mad. I fear for certain the world will call me mad,  
Before it will believe such multiplicity of genius.  
I have marveled sometimes at the bulk of books  
Published in the year 1623, and before,  
But I did not think that any one man was accomplished  
Enough, or capable of writing them. I cannot grasp it.  
I frankly do agree to undertake the enterprise,  
But the extraordinary aggregation concerned in it  
Will, I fear, make me scandalized."

"What mean you? Will you lose your reputation for  
truth?"

"Men, no doubt, will think that I am a liar.  
I may not conceal from you that I shall appear for a time  
To be a fool. I shall be met with universal ridicule,  
As it is men's nature to endeavour to slobber the  
Gloss of a new creation with the most stubborn  
And boisterous comment and objection. You must  
Therefore, your honor, see there be, by all due means,  
Plain, direct, and not involv'd proof of your assertion,  
So that I shall lose none of my honour, fame or repu-  
tation,

In that you have made me publisher of this pretense.  
Throw hence bashful cunning, and prompt me plain."

"We will prove our assertions."

"By what rule, sir?"

"Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate  
Of Father Time himself."

"Let's hear it."

"The basis of our device is the stage, and we  
Insert the titles of every play, and of all our books,  
Plainly about the keys, to prompt and instruct you.  
And if you will make a collection or catalogue  
Of them, they will serve to show you and the world  
(As you join them together) the threads, fibers, and links  
Of the chain, and our invention is, by the simple index  
Of our works, laid open without any great  
Or laborious art. Is this such a piece of study?"

"It must be confessed that this plan appears  
To be plain, and to answer my question. But to simply assert  
That it is true, is not enough. The world will scarcely  
Believe this without trial, and the vulgar people  
Will think that this single and simple collection  
Is too plain, and the simplicity of it will be  
Worse even than laborious examination. And your honor  
Must offer them instances which have  
Less likelihood either of accident, or  
The hand of man. I insist, because I would not have it  
Affirmed that I mixed the divisions together."

"If a man disdain a plain thing because it is plain,  
And is foolishly attached to his own sagacity,  
Rather than to a laborious and sober inquiry of truth,  
Let him remember this, that the manner of men is to  
Overlook what lies before their feet in their search  
After truth. And inferior men, who assert the fabric  
Of this history has come together through fortuitous  
Concurrence or chance, and not by human skill, are  
Actuated by revenge, or the desire to appear wise to

The people. For such great wits, let them accuse you  
Of cunningly suppressing the secret in some way,  
Or deny the truth of the congregated story, and then  
Challenge the comparison between the correspondences,  
And let every man make some little trial for  
Himself of the way which we describe and lay out.  
Match the syllogisms duly and orderly,  
And put together systematically and minutely  
The chain or coupling, links of the argument.  
That is to say, the connaturals, concurrences,  
Correspondents, concatenations, collocations, analogies,  
Similitudes, relatives, parallels, conjugates and sequences  
Of everything relating to the combination, composition,  
Renovation, arrangement, and unity revolving  
In succession, part by part, throughout the whole,  
Ascending and descending, leaving no tract behind,  
And sifting it as faithful secretaries and clerks  
In the courts of kings, set to work, with diligence and  
Judgement, and sort into different boxes, connaturals  
Concerning matter of state, and when he has  
Attentively sorted it, from the beginning to the end,  
And united and collected the dispersed and distributed  
Matter, which is mingled up and down in combination,  
It will be easy to make a translation of it.  
For when a thing does not aptly fall into its  
Dichatomies, let him either pass it by or force it out  
Of its natural shape. It is not probable that a man that is  
Slavishly bent upon blind, stupid, and absurd objections,  
Will bestow time and work enough upon this to make  
Trial of the chain. Such a man is not entitled to judge  
And decide upon these questions. You ought not to be asked  
To abide by the decision of a tribunal which is itself

On its trial ; though we well know that as  
Human nature is all tainted, corrupted, and unjust,  
That you will be accounted a fool by men who have  
No knowledge of the rules, or no skill to judge them right.  
We have wasted an infinity of time on these matters,  
Doing and undoing the cipher history, to mark out  
The ways for the discovery of the secrets,  
And to devise proofs, knowing that men will admit nothing  
But on the faith of eyes, or by careful and severe  
Examination. And, on this account, we make at least  
Twenty repetitions of the ways for finding out the letters,  
A fact which sufficiently shows that the books are our own.  
Nevertheless, we subjoin a second proof, which is  
More trustworthy (if such can be found), to show  
The footsteps of our device. We have enclosed  
Our own name, without regard to safety, in the  
Different texts, in such capital letters that, as  
The prophet saith, 'He that runneth by may read.'  
And if you have digested a sufficient number  
Of the books, no doubt the first point you found  
Was our own name. Let men find out for themselves  
The truth of this, and they will think it agreeable  
To avoid all insinuations of lame or counterfeit  
Material having been taken and used."

"But as it wanders here and there, and as nothing  
Is counted, weighed or measured, suppose they do  
Undertake to prove it is loose and vague in information,—  
What shall I say? Can I count it out?"

"Pray you, spare your arithmetic. Never count the  
turns  
Of the wheel, if once or a million. We work not by the  
figure,

As it would be too laborious to write and read.  
The cipher narratives of the author are,  
From the profusion of mixed books and volumes,  
Too involved to be hidden by the coupling of figures;  
And as we want these disguised secrets  
Ready and easy to write and read, when the fragments  
Are before you, we have tried by simple change of place  
To overcome the difficulty and task of literary interpretation,  
And we think our great work will afford a pleasant recreation  
To you, who have, one by one, found out by wandering  
Among them, the correspondent words which we thought  
Good to use.

For we will knit up our secret tales in silken  
Strings, with twenty odd, conceited, true love knots,  
And will make a pastime of each weary step,  
Till the last step has brought you to the end;  
And there you, my lord, may rest after much turmoil,  
As doth a blessed soul in elysium; and when you, with  
Obedience and industry, have engrossed this, and  
Piled up the wingéd words like heaps of strange achieved  
gold;

And when you, like the honey bee, cull from  
Every flower the virtuous sweets, your thighs packed  
With wax, your mouth with golden honey,  
And have brought it to the hive for so work the honey bees,  
Creatures that, by a rule of nature,  
Teach the act of order to a peopled kingdom.  
For they have a king, and officers of sort,  
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;  
Others, like merchants, venter trade abroad;  
Others, like soldiers armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,

Which pillage they, with merry march, bring home  
To the tent royal of their emperor,  
Who, busied in his majesties, surveys  
The singing masons building roofs of gold,  
The civil citizens kneeding up the honey,  
The poor mechanic porters crowding  
In their heavy burthens at his narrow gate;  
The sad-eyed justice, with his surley hum,  
Delivering o'er to executors pale  
The lazy yawning drones, and when, like unto a  
Pilgrim, you will step by step climb  
Unto the top of fortune's friendly wheel,  
Then we will raise your honour to as high a pitch  
In this, our strong encounter, as Hector  
Did in the Grecian camp, when he, to over dare  
The pride of Græcia, set his warlike person  
To the view of fierce Achilles, rival of his fame."

"But may they not say it is chance that doth this?"

"We thought of that; and if any man conceive  
That it is done without any system or common  
Center, let him proceed to form a history,  
And neglect the guides. He cannot go through with it  
To its completion, for if a man runs the wrong way,  
The more active and swift he is, the further will  
He go astray; for the lame man, that takes the right road,  
Out-strippes the runner that takes the wrong.  
And let it be remembered, no man can rightly  
And successfully lay bare the truth of the histories,  
Or find out a single discovery, without he have  
The faithful and certain guides which we use.  
Let him vary his experiments as laboriously  
As he will, he never comes to a resting place,

But still finds something to seek beyond.  
And no man can know the shiftings, or how to go  
Forward, and mingle and interchange contraries,  
Until he find our four beginnings, or principles.  
And neither the natural force of his understanding,  
Nor meditation, observation, excellence of wit,  
Or premature and unseasonable eagerness, offers  
Any chance of success, for he is sure to end  
In the labyrinth where he ought to have begun.  
For howsoever various his intellect is,  
Left to its own course, it is not to be trusted  
To open the matter, and no man can take the matter  
Into his own hands, and by hastily running  
Up and down, bring forth the hidden and secret  
Rules of demonstration. For the histories  
Turn about the keys FORTUNE, NATURE,  
HONOUR, and REPUTATION,  
And, like a labyrinth, snare or dazzle  
The understanding; and the single change  
From fortune to Pan (or nature),  
Can in no other way be found out, for to  
Exactly hunt out the god of hunters, whilst the  
Pursuit is directed another way, is in the  
Beginning impossible, as the rude and scornful god  
Is so cunningly (by the double nature of the  
Writing) hidden, that it is not possible  
Any one would have thought that he is brought in  
To turn the decipherer, or draw him on  
Like to a common finger-post, which is set up  
Where roads part to indicate the several directions.  
And on account of the frequent divisions  
Of the road into parts, it is not assumption

Of knowledge upon our side, if we request you,  
Or any man that has a mind to seek for this secret path,  
To hunt for the ways of Pan, and every secret work of  
NATURE, FORTUNE, HONOUR, and REPUTATION,  
Revolving from one unto the other, and we  
Promise you you can read the beginning of the  
History, which at times, moved by reputation,  
Turns either up or down.  
Nor can the printer's errors connected with it,  
Throw it into confusion. For you, being once  
Perfected, can overcome any accidental error  
In the print and manage to advance and match  
Together all the works. But if any questions  
Are passed over, there will be so much rawness  
That the history will be rejected  
And pronounced untrue. Therefore we wish  
This work, which is so honourable and stately  
An history, to be compiled with diligence,  
That it may last as long as the universal language.  
And we have so framed this history that posterity  
May see the cursed malignity of their sovereigns,  
Who have stolen into our place, and by means of the  
Greatest scandals turned half the world against us.  
But time will show these letters to the world,  
And we leave it to posterity to crown our martyrdom  
With the crown of innocence. But these fears of yours  
Seem to us to savour utterly of imagination ;  
For when the necessary mixture of the collection  
Has been made, and all the instances and examples  
Collected and tested, as well as the questions,  
According to our instructions, they will carry with them  
The proof of the problem at once, as a lover of learning

May everywhere observe indications, outlines,  
Indexes, and in short a whole book full of methods  
And processes, which from the beginning to the end  
Are absolutely without change, only in form of question.  
It always mixes together with questions  
That are answered while the question is being asked,  
Which open manner of reducing to order the  
Interruption of the history, serveth to show  
The relation between them. But if it should appear  
To some poor-spirited person, whom nothing pleaseth  
But rare accidents, that the direction is complicated,  
And in respect of the words vague, let him understand  
That the highest art of writing or infolding ciphers  
Is that they be written so that the first obscurenes  
In direction will appear to the vulgar such an obstacle  
To progression that such persons will not follow the double  
Mixture, nor notice that the matter, by alteration  
In other lines, doth, like flowers by the fiery vigor  
Of the sun, unfold, and that all ciphers are furnished  
With safeguards, that he that asketh, and him that ques-  
tioneth,  
Shall have to reach the writer's method both by  
Labour and ingenuity ; for the greatest matters  
Are trusted to ciphers, not the simple things,  
Such as are said to a man in public, but only such matters  
Of private worth that have a show of hazard, or great  
disgrace,  
If they be deciphered. And as nature has implanted  
In every living creature apprehension and fear, no one  
(Seeing that, for example, the third letter printed in this  
Will, if it shall by accident be revealed to the prince's eyes,  
Or if he stumble upon it and learn the nature of the

Transferred and complicated history, hang us) will deny  
That the author must first consider the peril he doth  
Incur, and thus informed, no man, unless he be of very great  
Wantonness or simulation, but will accept the rules  
That we lay down for guidance. Why should men say  
That what has not been attempted before, or attempted  
And given over, is false? Your books cut off all design of  
Your having writ them. By reading them there will be  
proof

Enough, in our opinion, for their bulk, magnitude, and style  
Is our own. And what is more, no progress worthy of the  
name

Can be made but in this way, and in this way only  
Can the truth be found. They be so arranged that they,  
who shall

Hereafter seek out and gather them together, must  
At first but enter and set down the laws themselves,  
And nothing else; compelled to it by the condition  
Of the matter. Therefore, sir, lightly throw this squalid  
Weed from you, and to his fortunes let him wend his way,  
Certain that there will hardly be any great progress of  
Interpretation by such a weed.

“And now, it is time for us to tell you  
How we found the way to conceal these ciphers.  
One night, when a youth, while we were reading  
In the holy scriptures of our great God, something  
Compelled us to turn to the Proverbs and read  
That passage of Solomon, the king, wherein he  
Affirmeth ‘That the glory of God is to conceal  
A thing, but the glory of a king is to find it out.’  
And we thought how odd and strange it read,  
And attentively looked into the subtlety of the

Passage. As we read and pondered the wise  
Words and lofty language of this precious  
Book of love, there comes a flame of fire which  
Fills all the room, and obscures our eyes with its  
Celestial glory. And from it swells a heavenly  
Voice that, lifting our mind above her  
Human bounds, ravisheth our soul with its sweet,  
Heavenly music. And thus it spake :  
' My son, fear not, but take thy fortunes and thy  
Honours up. Be that thou knowest thou art,  
Then thou art as great as that thou fearest.  
Thou art not what thou seemest. At thy  
Birth the front of heaven was full of fiery  
Shapes ; the goats ran from the mountains,  
And the heards were strangely clamorous  
To the frightened fields. These signs  
Have markt thee extraordinary, and all the  
Courses of thy life will show thou art not in  
The roll of common men. Where is the living,  
Clipt in by the sea that chides the banks of  
England, Scotland, and Wales, who will call thee  
Pupil, or will read to thee ? And bring him out that  
Is but woman's son, will trace thee in the tedious  
Way of art, and hold thee pace in deep  
Experiment. Be thou not, therefore, afraid of greatness,  
I charge thee. Some men become great by advancement,  
vain  
And favour of their prince ; some have greatness  
Thrust upon them by the world, and some achieve  
Greatness by reason of their wit ; for there is  
A tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the  
Flood, leads on to glorious fortune. Omitted, all the

Voyage of their life is bound in shallows  
And miseries. In such a sea art thou now afloat,  
And thou must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose thy ventures. Thy fates open their hands to thee.  
Decline them not, but let thy blood and spirit  
Embrace them, and climb the height of virtue's  
Sacred hill, where endless honour shall be made  
Thy mead. Remember that that thou hast just  
Read, that the Divine Majesty takes delight to hide  
His work, according to the innocent play of children,  
To have them found out; surely for thee to  
Follow the example of the most high God cannot  
Be censured. Therefore put away popular applause,  
And after the manner of Solomon the king, compose  
A history of thy times, and fold it into  
Enigmatical writings and cunning mixtures of the  
Theatre, mingled as the colours in a painter's shell,  
And it will in due course of time be found.  
For there shall be born into the world  
(Not in years, but in ages) a man whose pliant and  
Obedient mind we, of the supernatural world, will take  
Special heed, by all possible endeavour, to frame  
And mould into a pipe for thy fingers to sound  
What stop thou please; and this man, either led or  
Driven, as we point the way, will yield himself a  
Disciple of thine, and will search and seek out thy  
Disordered and confused strings and roots with some  
Peril and unsafety to himself. For men in scornful and  
Arrogant manner will call him mad, and point at him  
The finger of scorn; and yet they will,  
Upon trial, practice and study of thy plan,  
See that the secret, by great and voluminous labour

Hath been found out.' And then the voice we heard  
Ceased and passed away."

"Sir, I was born as free as you were, and I  
Cannot endure the world should think that I have  
Had no part in opening the great and strange works,  
Or that it should flit from mouth to mouth,—  
That I was, as it were, constructed like a kind  
Of machine, for your inclining, and to bear your  
Divers loads to and fro, as the asse bears gold; to  
Groan and sweat under the business, and having  
Brought your treasure where you will, to have my  
Load ta'en down, and to be turned off, like the  
Empty asse, to shake my ears and graze in commons."

"My lord, you talk like a peevish school-boy, worthless  
Of such honour. You have no need to bear our load,  
We assure you. You may stop, yet if you are not a fool,  
You'll still keep on unto the end, leaving no stone  
Unturned, as this discovery will hereafter honour you.  
For mistake us not a whit, my lord, the fates and  
Oracles of heaven have sworn to royalize the deeds  
Of him that finds the hidden secret out. A world of profit  
And delight, of power, of honour, and of high renown,  
Is promised to the studious artizan who will turn the  
Key within the ward of the lock and open wide our  
Closed and obstructed door. Yet, you may not be  
Capable of detecting the ciphers. Many a man  
Promises to himself more than he can perform,  
And it is impossible to discover the subtlety of the work  
Unless he that works loves it; not for the wages  
Of an hireling, but for honour, reputation, or fame.  
And to perfectly overcome the secrets of the  
History that is hid within the girdle of our works,

And from the medley and ill-digested mass  
To alter the obscurity and work out the cipher  
The threads and fibres which are in little heaps  
Or mole-hills, not in order, but scattered here and there,  
Ready to be set up and framed, must be carefully  
Investigated, and the workman must perform his part  
With industry, diligence, and, we may say, religious care.  
As Solomon, he that ruled Jerusalem in her glory,  
Conjoined with the Prince of Tyre, built unto  
The Most High God the magnificent buildings that  
The learned Rabbins have told us within  
That city, the foot-stool of the King of Heaven,  
Rounded with silver-flowing streams, and whose large  
diameter  
Contained even three days' journey's length from wall to  
wall,  
With two hundred gates carved out of burnisht brass,  
As glorious as the portal of the sun.  
And to deck heaven's battlements with pride,  
Six hundred towers that topless touch the clouds;  
He from the cedars that upon the mountains stood,  
The huge store of silver found in God's treasure house,  
And the tried gold, the barbarous multitude of Ethiopes  
Furnished him; the buildings framed. And it was  
Seven and thirteen years from their beginnings  
Before Solomon finished and arranged the buildings  
For the people of God, the ceremonial law of Moses,  
And the fair daughter of Egypt's king. Therefore,  
Let no man attempt to mow the moss or to reap  
The green corn till he gradually learn and accustom himself  
To every one of the alterations, but, like Solomon,  
Wait for harvest time."

"Sir, I think no deficiency will be found in me.  
If it is not a charge too heavy for my strength,  
I wish to be a good proficient in rightly writing  
The ciphers, and know every degree of proceeding  
That giveth light to the pursuit. But you know that,  
Though Solomon did at first employ persons altogether  
Unlearned, and collected all the materials and apparatus  
For the work, and gathered the workmen some distance from  
the house,

He did it by God's divine commandment, and by looking  
Upon the model whereby God show'd the plot  
For their information, the workmen, and the great shoals  
Of people were by its means taught the way to proceed,  
And were able without the noise of hammer or instrument,  
In the fullness of time, to complete the tabernacle  
Of God, and to raise and build without agitation,  
And in silence the fair houses upon the mount.  
For do we not read in the Chronicles and the  
Sacred history of the ten tribes, that the savage people,  
Working as they did by immediate inspiration of God,  
And swelling with the coming of the Holy Spirit,  
Performed their tasks and labour without noise, and with  
Great judgment and understanding, forgetting their  
Appetites of lust, of revenge, of profit, quarrels  
And unreclaimed desires, and stood all sociably together,  
Listening unto the airs and accords of the harp,  
Which, lightly touched by an excellent musician,  
Did so sweetly sound in their ears that their passions  
Were bridled and dissolved, and by the power of the sweet  
music

Passed away, as you may note a wild and wanton heard,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,  
(Which is the hot condition of their blood)  
If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,  
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage  
But music for the time doth change his nature.  
The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, strategems, and spoils ;  
The motions of his spirits are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus.  
Mark how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid  
With patterns of bright gold.  
There 's not the smallest orb which you behold,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim  
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossely close it in, we cannot hear it  
Till inspired. Therefore, the poet  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods  
By sounds of music, and therefore they, under the touches  
    of sweet  
Harmony, mute and silent, cut out of stone, marble, or gilt  
The images and statues of angels, seraphim and cherubim ;  
Neatly framed the fabric of the goodly houses,  
Raise and erect the stately galleries and rooms  
Of commixed wood, stone, and metal ; lay the floors of pine,  
Build the gates of fir, and with cunning hands  
O'er laid the walls with gold and jewels ;

Set the images in place, and cast the overflowing  
Fountain, the great bathing pool (which they call a sea),  
The oracles, the chapter ornaments, which are  
O'er-embellished with knaps and flowers of all kinds  
Cut in pure gold pomegranets, lavender, mint, savory,  
Marjoram, marigold, gillivors, maiden-heads, carnations,  
Lilies, (the flower-d-luce being one), columbine, pinks,  
Honeysuckles, roses, sweet satirium, poppies, wild thyme,  
Bean flowers, daisies, anemones, tulips, hyacinth-orientalis,  
Perywinkles, bullices, and virgin branches of the almond,  
Peach, apple, cherry, dammacin and plum tree blossoms and  
fruit ;

White thorn, ivy, holly, juniper, cypres, yew, pineapple, fir,  
Lilac, and oak leaves ; strawberries, plums, pears,  
Appricotes, berberries, filberts, muskmellons,  
Grapes, apples, peaches, wardenes, melocotents, nectorines,  
Quinces, medlars, jemlings, quadlins, rasps, and the like,  
And out of molten gold cast the bowels and vessels ;  
Make the bulworks or embosments of rich stone ; finely  
encompass

The sides with rails, statues and images ;  
Set fine seats about the grounds of the garden ;  
Under the leaves of the orange, lemon, and mezeroum trees,  
Whose blossoms with the flowers of the vines  
And honeysuckles perfume the air ; line the green alleys  
With water mints and rosemary, which, being trodden upon  
And crushed, mingle their sweetness with the damask and  
red rose,

Marjoram, violet, pink, and gillivors in the air, and with a  
Most excellent and cordial smell, the breath of flowers and  
Plants comes and goes like the warbling of music.  
For they set all the slope with flowers—whole alleys

Of them, so that the prince may walk under arches,  
And between the pretty tufts of fruit trees  
And arbours, environed with hedges on either side;  
And by whole rows of flowers, which most delightfully  
Perfume the air, and find nothing of ill smell, but only  
Sweet. And here and there they set a bank for  
Jury's great king to lye and play on, while the  
Prettiest lass, deckt with compound wreaths  
Of Adon's flowers, doth make garlands of the lime tree  
Blossoms, to strew him o'er and o'er as he  
Sleeps, in the soft stillness of the night, upon the bank.  
Pave the bottom of the cisterns, convey the water  
To the fountains, which (fed by a waterfall higher than  
the

Pool) spouteth or sprinkleth water in fine devices,  
Arching in feathers, drinking-glasses, canopies and the like,  
And to the pools which are full of fish,  
Deliver the water in perpetual motion, by fine spouts,  
Making it raise in several formes, and then discharging  
It away by bores underground.

But Solomon was inspired with the spirit of the Creator.  
I am not, so I must frame these questions to discover  
The concordances, and by drawing forth from your honor  
The answers, find the way, or like Narcissus  
Diving in the deep, I die. But if I drown, it is by  
Treading in your footsteps according to my oath  
To serve your turn, for I know my major vow lies here.  
That I'll obey, indeed I warrant you, and I shall gladly  
Try with swift pursuit to advance, and shall study  
To be perfect in this, and learn the sculking places,  
And obtain the victory. Oh! let us hence.  
I stand on sudden haste."

“Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.  
Yet, good luck to you. We are joyful to hear  
Of your readiness to return to work, and our  
Strong imagination sees a crown dropping upon your head.  
Now have we tried your faithful heart enough,  
And praise the gods your journey such good success  
Hath had. Now be glad. Custom will make pleasant  
And easy that which follows. Now the methods of this  
scheme

Are known, you will have an easy passage, so  
Set forth when you please.”

“Oh, my lord, it is not easy even to grasp in thought,  
Much less to express in words.”

“It is easy. The way is much more easy than you think.  
It is itself a pastime; the postern's are so easily opened,  
As you shall see if in a circle you partake to every one,  
And leisurely demand an answer by compounding the words,  
Turning them into new forms. Cast away nothing,  
For thus this mode of operation proceeds,  
And opens broad roads to the directions; and well examined  
Is so simple and well defined, that it gives entrance  
To all the secrets of the different letters' construction.  
And here we subjoin for the use of your grace  
A synopsis of the more general and conspicuous things  
We have hidden in this collection of works.  
We think it right to give a catalogue of the titles  
Contained in the history, lest you, for want of warning,  
Set to work the wrong way. First: Place after this  
The Epistle Dedicatorie; then the third letter is  
The description of her majesty, Queen Elizabeth,  
Her gifts, her bridal, and her death, the General Curse,  
Which is to disguise the story of our own origin,

Which, when the proofs shall be revealed,  
Will make men stand as in a dream.  
The General History follows this, in a series  
Of separate letters, and the world,  
Seeing that we have composed so accurate an history,  
Will say, in effect, it is (even if found thus by accident)  
More accurate and clear than has ever  
Before been published, and, whether  
There be a system or not, it is in all parts complete  
And in the same manner of harmony and coherence,  
And, it may be, all depends on the unravelling ;  
But it is certain that the several books and volumes,  
By the general rule, in despite of sense,  
Have each formed one entire story, which is miraculous.  
And say 'for this end were we born.'

“But this is trifling. Common history  
In comparison with ours is negligent, inexact,  
And built on sand, (or rather quicksand,)  
And in itself is of no great use,  
Because it is not a solid and material truth,  
As it is polluted with mean or filthy things,  
Which are to entangle and pervert the  
Judgment admitted.  
It would not be difficult for us  
To reduce the scattered history to a better order  
Than that which we have followed, but  
We protect ourself by surrounding  
The true and lawful history with  
A host of fables, spectres and shadows,  
Which we, by endless labour, moulded into place,  
That we might be saved from the grave.  
This great history will be a very memorable work,

For it draweth down the history of this island of Britain  
From antiquity to the time the monarchy  
Passed into the hands of the two false twins of hell,  
Who betrayed and destroyed the honour of the author.  
You will hereafter find we shall always take care  
To subjoin a portion of our work as a sample  
For your better instruction, or will deliver  
Convenient patterns and abstracts for the solution,  
Or notes concerning things to be enquired  
For your direction, thus giving you assistance in every case.  
They will be short and ready, and yet  
Sufficiently full of pleasant descriptions,  
Pictures, and effects as not to tire you.  
We will leave as little as possible for you to do,  
For if too great a burden be imposed,  
We think your zeal (especially as regards  
The collecting of history) would begin to halt.  
And we plainly confess it is a dull thing  
To jade men's minds too far in any thing.  
And we have thought best to add jest to earnest,  
And to vary and intermingle arguments, conversation,  
Opinions, tales and whisperings of others,  
With our questions; and in this piquant vein,  
Not only keep the history aloof from discovery,  
But make an entertaining yet exact history of our nation.  
And now that the entrance to the secret has been found out,  
The world will wonder how it could miss it so long.  
And if you can endure to go on, pursue it strenuously,  
My lord, and persevere even unto the end. We'll give  
Your grace a present of such price as all the world  
Cannot afford the like, and the majesty of these, our  
Inventions, ought to make you famous and great.

“The next letter is the author's Epistle Dedicatorie,  
Which we have dedicated to you, and may God  
Hold it to your honour's good content.  
And now having said our prayers, we will  
In our great hope lay all our best love and credence  
Upon your promising fortunes, and  
Bid you farewell.

(Sig.)

SIR FRANCIS BACON.”

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

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YOUR MAJESTY :

Whereas, before we knew  
Not to whom to dedicate this work, now we do.  
And as we through your grace shall yet be the means  
Of making this age famous to posterity,  
Your highness deserveth at the least that  
These posthumous remains of your most obliged and  
Faithful servant, Francis St. Albans, should be  
Dedicated to your honour, and we will dedicate  
To your grace, therefore, these posthumous  
Volumes, being of the best fruits that by the good  
Increase God gives to our pen and labours, we  
Could yield if you will receive them at our hands.  
And we most humbly offer to your highness this  
Vast work, and we pray your lordship to prefix your  
Name before them if you think they are indeed worth  
Anything. Your grace has highly honoured us  
By your hunt after the inventions, and we will confess  
We have often thought that of all persons living  
Your majesty were the one man in the world that  
We would have known representing your majesty many  
Times unto our mind and beholding you not with the  
Inquisitive eye of presumption to discover that which  
The scripture telleth us is inscrutable—  
But with the observant eye of duty and admiration.  
Your lordship's liking of the  
Sciences and of the plays shows you to be diverse  
In your capacity and that you resemble Solomon  
In many things, namely, in the gravity of your judgment

And largeness of your heart ; in the noble variety of the  
Writings which you have read and weighed, and,  
Leaving aside the other parts of your virtue  
And fortune, we have been touched, yea, and possessed,  
With an extreme wonder of those your virtues  
And faculties which the philosophers call intellectual ;  
The largeness of your capacity in extractions  
Of another man's wit and labor ; the faithfulness of your  
Memory, the swiftness of your apprehensions, the  
Penetration, judgment, faculty and order of your mind ;  
And that, while understanding the contemplations  
Of nature and natural philosophy, you have had the  
Wit to read all of the plays and works of the author  
Of every kind, and with two clear eyes have looked  
Deeply and wisely into the shadows and searched  
Out and understood the simple rule of question and answer  
That we lay down for the successful search after  
The great cipher history, and have picked out from the  
Whole mass the four co-essentials and conjugate words  
That we make the guides for the discovery of these  
Stories ; and happy is your grace that can, passing from wheel  
To wheel, translate the stubbornness of fortune into  
So quiet and so sweet a style and find tongues in  
Trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones  
And good in everything. And we are well assured that  
This which we now shall say is no amplification at all,  
But a positive and measured truth, which is that your honor  
Is of the nature of a king ; for he that hath judgment  
And doth countenance and prefer learning and  
Learned men and books is truly made a king of the  
Human race, either through his fortune,  
Honour, nature or reputation, and your

Majesty (for so we did conclude with ourselves that  
We could refer to your person, for we thought it more  
Respective to make choice of some oblation both of  
Affection, tribute and duty which we might make unto  
Your majesty as in former times kings received  
Presents from their servants) standeth invested of that  
Triplicity which in great veneration was ascribed  
To the ancient Hermes, the power and fortune of a king,  
The knowledge and illumination of a priest, and the  
Learning and universality of a philosopher.  
The more because there is met in you a rare conjunction  
As well of divine and sacred literature as of  
Profane and human knowledge; and as we with our hands  
Turn fortune's wheel about we see by the characters  
Graven in your brows and by your martial face  
And stout aspect that you are a valiant man of stature,  
Tall and straightly fashioned, and deserve to have the  
Leading of an host; and that your forehead bears  
Figures of renown and miracles; and your honour and your  
Goodness is so evident that your free undertaking  
Cannot miss a thriving issue; and we thank the heavens  
You are of so sweet a composition, and we praise him  
That got you, she that gave you suck; fame be your tutor  
And your parts of nature thrice famed beyond.  
You are beyond all erudition. Nature and fortune joined  
To make you great. Of nature's gifts you may with lilies  
Boast, and with the half blown rose; and may prosperity be  
Your page and much honour fall upon you, whose  
Wandering feet travel in a strait so narrow where  
But one goes abreast, and you have proved yourself to  
Be of the nature of the sun, whose clear rays, like  
The all-present eye of God, look through the clouds into

The bowels of the earth, turning the darkness into golden Light; for have you not, sweet sir, found out that we have Hid our wisdom deep down within the books as in a well? And like Phœbus' beams, have you not looked within their Inmost parts and seen that within the thickest cover of that Shade there is a pleasant arbour made by knitting trees? And your triumphant name now would we raise 'bove all the Sons of men. And we would sing unto your immortal praise Such heavenly hymns as the archangels sing and make You famous throughout all the world and honoured far and Nigh for finding out that herein we imitate the sun, Who doth permit the base contagious clouds to smother up His beauty from the world, that when he please again to Be himself, being wanted, he may be more wondered at By breaking through the foul and ugly mists of vapours That did seem to strangle him.

All this appeareth  
Somewhat servile, but such an inherent and individual Attribute in you deserveth to be expressed not only in the Fame and admiration of your time, but also in the history Of the ages succeeding by some solid work, fixed Memorial or immortal monument bearing a character or Signature both of the power of such a king of learning And the differences, diversity and perfection of such A king from the great mass of men. And therefore out Of the respect we bear you and the great dearness And friendship between us, and as our friendship required, We have dedicated this series of letters unto you As a free-will offering, and it seemeth to us we shall Not be wanting in duty if we tender the works to you as a Special deed of gift without a fee. The scripture saith Of the wisest king "that his heart was as the sands

Of the sea," which, though it be one of the largest bodies,  
Yet it consisteth of the smallest and finest portions;  
And as God seems to have given you a composition  
Admirable whereby you are able to compass and comprehend the

Greatest matters, and also to touch upon and apprehend  
The least, although it would seem an impossibility  
In nature for the same instrument to make itself  
Fit for great and small works, a better oblation  
Could not have been made or a better man found  
To dedicate these various letters unto."

"O, my dear sir, I may not take so much honour to me.  
I'll not deny I have day by day  
With diligence and attention read all your books  
And sharply looked into the same to see whether  
The great number of weak and futile words had not  
Some secret meaning. And further I'll acknowledge  
Nature endued me with the power of curious prying  
And vigilant search; yet I am but an assistant,  
And that is the one part I take upon myself.  
The rest is done by you. I will carry out  
Your designs; but for myself God forbid that I  
Should give out to others the stories as my own.  
I do not claim the glory and honour of the work,  
For let the gods so speed me as I love  
The name of honour more than the revealing  
Of the verses of another man as my own.  
I will keep and guard them, and doubt not  
When they are finished and completed but I will  
In the first place give my own part in unraveling them  
And then afterwards plainly publish them to the world

As yours. The greatest credit I will take is this:  
That I have as far as I was able disentangled  
The dialogue according to instructions, giving you  
The honour and the name for the ages to come to praise.  
In truth I would soon be detected  
If I should here feign myself the author.  
The style would betray me. I am not a fool."

"My lord, we know that you are complete in feature  
And in mind, with all good grace to grace a gentleman;  
And we do not doubt that our name and honour  
Shall be put forth aright. But for these dignities you will  
Be envied and perhaps held in dishonour by common men,  
Who will charge you with boasting. Therefore we will  
spare

For no wit, we warrant you, to set your honour on a plain  
So high that as far as Boreas claps his brazen wings,  
Or fair Boötes sends his cheerful light, your name  
And honour shall be spread; and we hope our rich gift to  
your

Higness may prove compensation for your services in the  
Mean task we have enjoined upon you in the hunt after our  
Ciphers. Our heart bleeds to think o' th teen we have  
turned

You to; and if we have too austere punished your grace,  
We entreat you to think all your vexations were but trials  
Of your love, and that you have stood the test  
And shown yourself to be one of the wisest and most  
learned

Of men; for you have been content to follow  
Probable reason without hesitation or reservation  
And carried round in a whirl of arguments to search at first  
Without any regular system of operation the way

To truth, wandering up hill and down hill in  
Promiscuous inquiry till, thrice happy man, truth came  
Tumbling into your lap.

“The love we have for your lordship is without end,  
For we must needs hold you in great honour,  
From whom will come the proof of our mischance,  
Together with the admiration of the world. Were our  
worth

Greater our duty would show greater; but you, the sole  
Inheritor of all perfection that a man may owe,  
Are held precious in our eyes, and this dedication shall  
Be your immortal monument and tell your praise  
To all posterity, that they may in wonderment  
Admire such world-rare love as this of ours to you  
You who have gotten with labour and long toil  
At last our glorious brood of learning. We have not gums  
And incense to offer to your most noble lordship,  
But you shall have honours as your merits be;  
And it is fit that all should be attributed and accounted  
To you to whom, of all on earth, we are the most bounden  
for your

Dear friendship; ‘for natural affection soon doth cease,  
And quenched is with Cupid’s greater flame;  
But faithful friendship doth them both surpass  
And them with mastering discipline doth tame  
Through thoughts aspiring to eternal fame.  
For as the soul doth rule the early mass  
And all the surface of the body frame,  
So love of soul doth love of body pass  
No less than gold surmounts the meanest brass.’  
What we have done is yours. What we have to do is  
yours;

And you must not now deny to share the fame and honour  
Of this discovery. Let come what come, we give your lord-  
ship

All that we possess, whereof this dedication is but a  
Beginning; and we wish long life still lengthened  
With all happiness to your lordship."

"I thank your honor."

"Yea, we beyond limit of what else i' th world do love,  
Prize, honour you, you that out of all the multitude  
Found that we, like the divine nature, took pleasure in  
The innocent and kindly sport of children, in playing  
At hide-and-seek, and have, at the expense of time  
And fortune, applied yourself and discovered the refined  
History concealed in these our works. And to enroll your  
Memorable name so that it may be remembered of posterity  
Is the least service we can do for you; and to  
Dedicate the same to any other than your worthy self,  
For a monument and honour, would show very little interest  
On our side for the man by whom the happy fruits of this  
Device have been discovered. Nor, it must be confessed,  
Was there a second of time when we ever considered  
That the dilligence of the noble man, who found our way of  
Mingling this confused matter, and with ingenuity made  
hunt after

The unity of the matchless and wonderful changes,  
Should not share all with us. Receive them, then,  
As the tribute that we owe to your honour (if honour it be  
At all) for the many favours we have received from  
Your grace; and if this dedication please you, my worthy  
lord,

And if you are pleased with these seeds of most entire

Love and humble affection, that long sithen were deep sowed  
in our

Breast, for the noble and virtuous gentleman  
That will have devoted his lifetime to learning  
These infolded ciphers, and which will now,  
In the weakness of their first spring, take root,  
Bud and bring forth fruits which, though not worthy of  
yourself,

Yet such as perhaps by good acceptance, may hereafter  
Cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your  
Own excellent deserts, we offer them to you to show  
Our gratitude of so worthy and honourable a scholar,  
And that what delight is in them may ever be your  
Lordship's."

"I hold me highly honoured of your grace,  
But the gross and palpable flattery whereby your honor  
Has abased and abused your wits and pains, turning  
(As Du Bartus saith) Hecuba into Helena, and  
Faustina into Lucretia, has most diminished the price  
Of the dedication. You have too much exalted and  
Glorified me. I am in no part worthy of the praise  
Which it hath pleased your grace to honour me with."

"Sir, we love you more than world can yield y-matter;  
Dearer than eyesight, space, liberty, beyond  
What can be valued rich and rare, no less than life.  
We do not flatter, but honour you, and will so do till we die;  
For upon you depends not alone the office of distinguishing  
The compact and proportions of things, but to bring  
Back the reputation of our name and to make publique  
The remarkable fate of one who, miserably unfortunate,

Has been kept dancing within little rings like a person  
bewitched.

Therefore, brave conqueror, (for so you are)  
Embrace this fortune and honour patiently, and joinéd  
with us

Fame, that all hunt after in their lives, shall live  
Registered upon our brazen tombs and make us heirs of all  
Eternity. Posterity will say we have done aright to  
Humbly offer these letters unto you, who have spent  
Your hours in hounding nature in her wanderings,  
And far behind your worth comes all the praises  
That we now bestow. And, sir, as a little  
In nature's book of secrecy can we read, we know you are  
well

Begot ; your days and years but young, but your experience  
Old ; your head unmellowed, but your judgement ripe ;  
and, in

A word, as you have never been an idle truant omitting  
The sweet benefit of time, your genius will cloath your age  
With angel-like perfection, and on this account  
Your honour and nobility shall be advanced by the dedi-  
cation,

Which, therefore, we recommend to your honourable pro-  
tection.

May all good fortune follow its acceptance, for we see  
You will follow where we lead, like a stinging bee  
In hottest summer's day led by its leader to the  
Flowered fields, and will on the cursed instruments  
That screw us from our true place, avenge us and bring them  
Into the view of the world as they were. And we repeat  
Once more the particular obligation we owe you, for  
Your great undertaking precludes any show or taste at all

Of flattery ; and though we give you here a third part of our  
Life, (for for thirty-three years have we gone in travail  
Of these the children of our wit) yet we give them unto  
Your highness as a free will offering, and we hope your  
honor

Will believe our care hath been to make the present  
Worthy of your grace's praise, by the perfection of the stories  
And histories which we have written and hid in the  
Whole of our writings. Great folly were it in us  
To comment unto your wisdom, either upon the eloquence  
Of the author or the worthiness of the matter itself.  
Therefore we leave unto your learned censure both  
The one and the other, and as even that which  
Has been abstracted from other works is made more  
Precious by the dressing of our lines,  
So that indeed they are a new work, and as our own  
Is totally new in its kind, we hope it is not  
Unbecoming to beg of you to think them worthy  
Of your gracious acceptance.

“The next letter that followeth is the description  
Of the queen, the general curse and the story of our life,  
Which, the instant you begin, will bring forth secret  
And original narratives woven into a continuous history,  
But separated for the better instruction and light  
Of the interpreter by questions.

“And now that like another *Æneas* you have passed  
through  
The floods, we subscribe our name, and may God  
In His infinite mercy and goodness lead your grace  
By the hand.

(Signed)

FRANCIS BACON.

## Description of the Queen, General Curse, and Sir Francis Bacon's Life.

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SWEET SIR:

Lo! here led by eternal Providence  
To succour me from out this cloudy vale,  
And having fortune, fate, and heavenly destiny obey'd,  
As fortune friends the bold, now will I  
Reveal the happy prey to you  
Who make great fortune's wheel turn as you please;  
And you, my lord,  
By curing of this maiméd empery,  
Shall hold the fates bound fast in iron chains  
And be the wonder of the world,  
And spite of cormorant devouring Time  
Shall bate his sythe's keen edge,  
Since fortune gives you opportunity  
To gain the title of a conqueror  
And triumph over all the world;  
And if you will but go with me  
Unto the shining bower where Cynthia sits  
Like lovely Thetis in a crystal robe,  
There within pleasant shady woods,  
Where neither storm nor sun's distemperature  
Have power to hurt by cruel heat or cold,  
Under the climate of the milder heaven  
Where seldom lights Jove's angry thunderbolt,  
Far from disturbance, amid the cypress springs  
Where whistling winds make music 'mong the trees,  
You shall see a nymph, a queen,

In frame of whose so lovely face  
Nature hath showed more skill  
Than when she gave eternal chaos form,  
Drawing from it the shining lamps of heaven,  
In whose high looks is much more majesty  
Than in Hector and Achilles,  
(The worthiest knights that ever brandish'd swords)  
A queen that makes the mighty god of arms her slave  
And treadeth fortune underneath her feet;  
On whom death and the fatal sisters wait  
With naked swords and scarlet liveries;  
Before whom mounted on a lion's back,  
Rhamnusia bears a helmet full of blood  
And strews the way with brains of slaughtered men;  
By whose proud side the ugly furies run  
Hark'ning when she shall bid them plague the world.  
Upon her wit doth earthly honours wait,  
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown;  
She paragon's description and wild fame  
And excels the quirk of blaz'ning pen;  
And in the essential virtue of creation  
Doth tire the ingeniuer.  
She is a characteristical seal  
Stamped in the day and hour of Venus,  
Such a one that in spite of nature,  
Years, country, credit, everything,  
Charms with her beauty, wit and fortune.  
In state Queen Juno's peer.  
For power in arms and virtues of the mind,  
Minerva's mate;  
As fair and lovely as the queen of love;  
As chaste as Dian in her chaste desires,

Her kingdom an ancient seat of kings,  
A second Troy y-compassed round  
With a commodious sea,  
And unto her people y-clepp'd Angelli  
She giveth laws of justice and of peace.  
She giveth arms of happy victory  
And flowers to deck her lions  
Crowned with gold,  
And likes the labours well;  
This peerless nymph,  
In honour of whose name the muses sing;  
In whom do meet so many gifts in one;  
This paragon over whose zenith  
Clothed in windy air and eagles' wings  
Joined to her feathered breast fame hovereth,  
Sounding of her golden trump,  
That to the adverse poles of that straight line  
Which measureth the glorious frame of heaven,  
Her name is spread—  
This mighty Queen Elizabeth  
Shall your eyes behold!  
This beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical,  
Ravenous, dove-feathered raven,  
Wolfish ravening lamb,  
Despiséd substance of divinest brow,  
Just opposite to what she justly seemest,  
A dim saint and honourable lady-villain,  
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,  
Aye, and by heaven, one that will do the deed  
Though Argus were her Eunuch and her guard!  
O serpent's heart hid with a flowering face!  
O God! did dragon ever keep so fair a cave?

O nature what hadst thou to do in hell  
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend  
In mortal Paradise of such sweet flesh?  
Was ever book containing  
Such vile matter so fairly bound?  
O, that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace!  
Ah, why hath nature to so hard a heart  
Given so goodly gifts of beauty's grace?  
The first time that her I saw  
She was a fair young lioness,  
White as the native rose before the change.  
Upon her head, as fit her fortune best,  
She wore a wreath of laurel, gold and palm,  
And on her forehead ivory the golden crown.  
Upon her naked breast there shin'd a golden star.  
Her robes of purple and of scarlet dye,  
Her vail of white, as best befits a maid,  
A thousand blushing apparitions started in her face,  
A thousand innocent shames in angel whiteness  
Bore away those blushes;  
And in her eye there did appear a fire  
To burn the errors that princes held  
Against her maiden truth.  
About her danced girls who upon her threw  
Sweet flowers and fragrant odours  
That afar did smell.  
She was of stature tall and graceful shape,  
With countenance majestic, but whose pride  
Depraves each better part,  
And all those other precious ornaments deface.  
Her sweet, fair, placid face

Was of such wonderous beauty,  
That nature wept thinking she was undone  
Because she took more from her than she left.  
And when I beheld this beauty's wonderment,  
This rare perfection of nature's skill,  
I honoured and admired the maker's art.  
But when I felt the bitter, baleful eyes  
That death-dart out of their shiny beams,  
I thought that I a new Pandora saw  
Whom all the gods in counsel did agree  
Into this sinful world from heaven to send,  
That she to men should be a wicked scourge.  
For all the virtues of imposing power  
That are the work of nature or of art,  
Were here advanc'd and set in highest seat,  
And so temper'd the features of her face  
With light and shade,  
That pride and meekness mixed in equal parts.  
She was far more beauteous, 'rich'd  
With the pride of nature's excellence,  
Than Venus in the brightest of her days.  
Her hair did Apollo's locks surpass.  
A hair stands not amiss,  
And the costly curious tire carrying a net  
(Wherein her curl'd locks entangled gravest men)  
Mended in her face what nature missed.  
But she to cross nature's curious workmanship,  
Did mingle beauty with infirmity  
And pure perfection with impure defeature;  
For in her later age pride, like a corn-fed steed,  
Her advanc'd, making her subject  
To the tyranny of mischances mad

And much misery,  
As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,  
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wo'd  
The marrow-eating sickness whose attain't  
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood ;  
For she to all licentious lust  
'Gan to exceed the measure of her mean  
And natural first need  
Till, like a jade self willed, herself doth tire  
By black lust, dishonour, shame and misgoverning,  
For she was guilty of perjury and subornation ;  
Guilty of treason, forgery and shift ;  
Guilty of incest, that abomination ;  
Guilty of murder and of theft,  
And accessory by inclination  
To all sins past and all that are to come,  
From the creation to the general doom.  
O, mother of my life that brought'st me forth,  
Thou nurse infortunate, guilty of all,  
Curst mayst thou be for such a cursed son !  
Cursed be thy son with every curse thou hast !  
Ye elements of whom consist this clay,  
This mass of flesh, this cursed crazed corps  
Destroy, dissolve, disturb and dissipate  
With fire, water, earth and air congealed.  
Thou fatal star, what planet ere thou be,  
Spit out thy poisons bad and all the ill  
That fortune, fate or heaven may bode——”

“ What storm is that blows so contrariously ?  
God in heaven bless me,  
You are to blame to rate  
This lovely lady so,

In whose bright eyes sits majesty,  
Steadfastness and virtue.  
Sweet mercy sways her sword,  
And in whom it seems  
That gentleness of spirit and manners mild  
Were planted natural ;  
To which is added comely guise withal  
And gracious speech to steal men's hearts away.  
Worthy next after Cynthia to tread,  
As she is next her in nobility.  
What have you lost,  
That such great and foul defame  
Should threat her honour's wrack,  
While fortune for her service and her sake  
With golden hands doth strengthen and enrich  
The web she weaves for fair Elizabeth ?  
Long may she live ; long may she govern  
In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars,  
Our field's chief flower, sweet above compare ;  
Stain to all nymphs more lovely than a nymph ;  
More white and red than doves and roses are.  
Diana for her dainty life, Susanna being sad,  
Sage Saba for her soberness, Martha being glad.  
Dame Venus for her hue,  
Dame Prudence' scholar for her wit,  
Right heir to Dame Virtue's grace,  
Dame Nature's pattern true.  
Sacred, imperial, holy in her seat,  
Shining with wisdom, love and mightiness,  
Nature that everything imperfect made,  
Fortune that never yet was constant found,  
Time that defaceth every golden show

Dare not decay, remove or her impair.  
Both nature, time and fortune all agree  
To bless and serve her royal majesty.  
The wallowing ocean hems her about,  
Whose raging floods do swallow up her foes  
And on the rocks their ships in pieces split.  
If honour be the mark whereat you aim,  
Since you could not your royal dame  
Defend, why do you her abuse,  
And back reproach against long-living land  
And make fair reputation but a bawd?  
You wrong her honour, wound her princely name.  
Have you put on this shape to do her shame?  
By heaven and earth and all the powers of both,  
A deeper sin than bottomless conceit  
Can comprehend in still imagination 'tis to seek  
To stain the ocean of her blood.  
You are too hot such a lady  
So to beat and bruise. I advise you then  
Not to wrong this wonder of the highest God  
Sith danger, death and hell will follow you,  
Aye and them all that seek to danger her."

"Out on her, hilding! God's bread, it makes me mad!  
Is not my dearest brother slaughtered?  
And is not my dear lord dead?  
O Essex! Essex! Essex! the best friend I had!  
O courteous Essex! honest gentleman!  
That ever I should live to see thee dead!  
Aye me, I tell thee what I saw,  
God save the mark!  
Here on his manly breast the wound  
Where they did living torture my poor brother.

I saw it with mine eyes, a piteous corse,  
A bloody, piteous corse, pale, pale as ashes,  
All bedaub'd in blood,  
His head cut off with a golden ax.  
I swounded at the sight.  
O this torture should be roared in dismal hell!  
And who was't that killed him  
But my mother, great Albion's queen,  
And that damned guilty slave of nature,  
Lord Burleigh's son, the child of hell,  
Whose honor, state and seat is due to me.  
This man by nature made for murders and for rapes  
Envied his honour and prosperity,  
And to attain his death  
Did his life, goods and fortune spend.  
And here on my knee I vow to God above  
I'll never pause again, never stand still  
Till either death has closed these eyes of mine  
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.  
And if you seek and search I will unbolt to you  
How this foul murder comes, and you shall see  
How the time and place doth make against me  
Of this direful murder,  
And how I, the most suspected, am able to do least,  
For a greater power than I can contradict  
Thwarted my intents.  
And you shall see I stand here  
Both to impeach and purge,  
Myself condemned and myself excused.  
Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,  
Till I can clear these ambiguities  
And show their spring, their head, their true descent ;

And then I will be general  
And lead you even unto death  
And bring forth the parties.  
Meantime forbear and let mischance be slave to patience.  
Come, come away, for there is yet  
Much matter to be heard and learned  
Of mine own fortunes and my miseries;  
For, my lord, I am a man  
Whom fortune hath cruelly scratched."

"Wherein have you played the knave with fortune  
That she should scratch you?  
'Tis too late to pare her nails now.  
What would you have me do?"

"My lord,  
Life every man holds dear,  
But the dear man holds honour  
Far more precious dear than life.  
I prize life as I weigh grief  
(Which I would spare).  
For honour, 'tis a derivative from me to mine,  
And only that I stand for.  
Therefore I beg you  
Pity my distress and take off my disgrace.  
O, if I could  
I would make me a willow cabin at your gate,  
And call upon your soul within the house  
To write loyal cantons of my condemnéd honour,  
And to sing them loud  
Even in the dead of night,  
And hallow my name to the reverbrate hills,  
And make the babbling gossips of the air  
With full voices cry out my unnatural fortunes.

You should not rest  
Between the elements of earth and air,  
But you should pity me.  
O deadly wound that passeth by mine eye  
O fatal poison of my swelling heart!  
O fortune constant in inconstancy!  
Fight earthquakes in the entrails of the earth,  
And eastern whirlwinds in the hellish shades.  
Some foul contagion of the infected heaven  
Blast all the trees, and in their cursed tops,  
Let the dismal night-raven and tragic owl  
Breed and become foretellers of my fall,  
The fatal ruin of my name and me.  
Adders and serpents hiss at my disgrace  
And wound the earth with anguish  
Of their stings.  
And here I conjure you  
By all the parts of man  
Which honour doth acknowledge,  
And that the justice of your heart will thereto add,  
Clear my honour by this discovery.  
And unto your own conscience I appeal:  
Do not consent nor suffer alteration  
To be made of this,  
For, by my honour, I will utter truth!"  
    "Since I am charged in honour you shall command me,  
        sir,  
And my honour will be hostage of my truth.  
If that will not suffice, farewell, my lord.  
What is your parentage?"  
    "Above my fortune and my state as well.  
A great king's daughter

Was the mother to a hopeful prince  
Here standing ;  
For behold me ! I am a fellow of the royal bed  
And owe a moiety of the throne.

“ What !

Francis, Prince of Wales ?  
God bless thee with long life and honour !”

“ Prince of Wales, that will I never be, my lord,  
For I, the star of Leicester's loins,  
Were not enough to darken and obscure  
This James' glory, fortune and pride.  
Mistake me not. Like one infectious  
I am bar'd.

Myself on every post proclaimed  
A bastard of the queen,  
My fortune gone, my good name lost.  
Yea, I am shamed, dishonoured, disgraced, degraded,  
Stigmatized, arraigned, condemned.

I am a common obloquy.  
To-day full of favour, wealth, honour and prosperity,  
Aloft in the top of fortune's wheel ;  
To-morrow in prison, worse than nothing, a beggar !  
Subtlety, conny-catching, knavery,  
Chance and fortune carries all before it.  
Hated of God, forsaken, miserable, unfortunate,  
The devil and the world persecute me.  
Yea, I am in the extremity of human adversity ;  
And as a shadow  
Leaves the body when the sun is gone,  
Now am I left lost and quite forsaken  
Of the world.  
I said too much unto a heart of stone,

And laid my honour too uncharry o' nt.  
O fool! to set so rich a mine  
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour,  
Hoping thereby honour and wealth to gain.  
What need I to have been so forward  
With the faint-hearted and degenerate king  
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides?  
And here by all the saints in heaven I swear  
That villaine for whom I beare this deep disgrace—  
Even for the words that have incensed me so—  
With his blood, if fortune speed my will,  
Shall buy his crown!  
Yet what can I  
To put down this subtle Scottish king?  
Good fortune hath forsaken me.  
I am left to the rage  
Of beggary, cold, hunger, thirst, nastiness,  
Sickness, irksomeness.  
No relief, no comfort, no succour can I get.  
All means have I tried, yet find  
For the anguish and bitterness of my soul  
No remedy.  
No living man can express it, but I that endure it.  
Distressed, in torture of body and mind—  
In hell—  
For worse than death  
Is to continue in torment,  
Labour, pain, derision and contempt.  
I desire death and death I seek,  
Yet cannot have it.  
Betrayed by fortune and suspicious love,  
Threatened with frowning wrath and jealousy,

Surprised with fear of hideous revenge,  
I all alone bewEEP my outcast state  
And trouble deep heaven with my bootless cries,  
And wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,  
I look upon myself and curse my fate.  
For why? Vile wretch of all unkind mankind,  
To serve the cruellest she alive,  
A queen, the common mother of us both,  
With the sharpness of my edged sting.  
Against my brother I have taken arms.  
I curse myself that was my brother's fate.  
O sun! come dart thy rays upon my head  
That eclipsed from the earth may mine eyes be.  
O God! rain showers of vengeance  
On my cursed head!  
And ride, Nemesis, ride, in thy fiery cart  
And sprinkle gore amongst these men of death.  
And having bathed thy chariot wheels in blood,  
Descend and take to thy tormenting hell  
The mangled body of that traitor queen,  
She that born nature's fairest ill,  
The woe of man, that first-created curse,  
Discourteous woman.  
O base female sex sprung from black Ate's loins!  
Proud, disdainful, cruel and unjust,  
Whose words are shaded with enchanting wiles,  
And worse than Medusa murther all our minds.  
In thy hearts sits shameless treachery,  
For hell's no hell compared with thy hearts,  
Born to be plagues to the thoughts of men,  
Brought for eternal pestilence to the world

And to dart abroad the thunderbolts of war,  
O could my fury paint thy furies forth,  
I would leave thee as naked as the vulgar air!"

"O, my dear lord, be pacified,  
And this misseeming discord lay aside."

"You shall command me, sir, but not my shame.  
The one my duty owes, but my fair name,  
Dispirit of death that lives upon my grave,  
To dark dishonour me you shall not have.  
I am disgraced, impeached and baffled here,  
Pierced to the soul with slander's venomous spear,  
The which no balm can cure but their hearts' blood  
That breathed this poison forth.  
For my dear, dear lord,  
The purest treasure mortal times afford  
Is spotless reputation. That away  
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.  
A jewel in a ten-times barr'd up chest  
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.  
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one.  
Take honour from me and my life is done.  
Therefore would my breath were made  
The smoke of hell,  
Infected with the sighes of damnéd souls,  
Or with the reaking of that serpent's gorge  
That feeds on adders, toads and venomous roots,  
That as I ope'd my revenging lips to curse,  
My words might cast rank poison to their pores,  
And make their swolne and rankling sinews crack  
Like to the combat blows that break the clouds,  
When Jove's stout champions fight with fire.  
See where he comes that my soul abhors!

O that my bosom could by nature bear  
A sea of poison to be poured upon his cursed head !  
That sacred balm hath graced and consecrated king,  
This forgetful man upon whose head I set the crown,  
And for whose sake I wore  
The detested blot of murderous subornation—  
This proud king who doth answer all the debt  
He owes to me even with geering and disdained contempt.  
O villain ! villain ! abhoréd villain !  
Unnatural, detested, brutish villain !  
May heaven and fortune thee reward with plagues !  
Hear ye, O God !  
If heaven have any plague in store  
Exceeding those that I can wish,  
O keep it till this thorn and canker  
James' sins be ripe ;  
Then hurl down thy indignation on his head !  
O, thou troubler of the poor world's peace,  
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul !  
Thy friends suspect for traitors  
Whilst thou livest,  
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends.  
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine  
Unless it be while some tormenting dream  
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils.  
And thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,  
Let him by untimely violence  
Die in his youth,  
Like Henry that was Prince of Wales.  
O God, for this same buckler Prince of Wales  
For whom I underwent such shame,  
And who (by murder to make himself heir unto the king)

Poisoned with a pot of ale that sweet lovely rose,  
Let him, I pray, be whipt and scourged with rods,  
Nettled and stung by wasps and pismires,  
And let a world of curses  
Beyond the bounds of patience drive him !  
May he undergo the same predicament  
Which I now range under,  
And let not time redeem his banished honours home.  
And the Duke of Buckingham,  
That vile politician,  
Let him by the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within his diseased bowels  
Be pinched and vexed with colick,  
And, like a tench,  
Let him be stung with flees  
For being the agent or base second means,  
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman, rather,  
(O pardon if I descend so low)  
Of my woeful banishment.  
And, O God, let them all die a death so barbarous as to  
Infect all the ghosts with cureless grief !  
O dreary engines of my loathed sight  
That see my crown, my honour and my name  
Thrust under thraldom of a thief,  
Why feed ye still on day's accursed beams  
And sink not quite into my tortured soul ?  
Is there left no God, no friend, no fortune,  
Nor no hope of end to our infamous,  
Monstrous slaveries ?  
Gape, earth, and let the fiends infernal view  
A hell as hopeless and as full of fear  
As are the blasted banks of Erebus

Where shaking ghosts with ever howling groans  
Hover about the ugly ferry-man  
To get a passage to Elysium !  
Why should I live, O wretch, beggar, slave ?  
Why live I in this obscure infernal servitude ?  
O life, more loathesome to my vexéd thoughts  
Than noisome par-break of the styge'n snakes  
Which fills the nooks of hell with standing air,  
Let all the swords and lances in the world  
Stick in their breasts as in their proper rooms.  
At every pore let blood come dropping forth,  
That lingering paines may massacre their hearts  
And madness send their damnéd souls to hell,  
That all the world may see and laugh to scorn  
The former triumphs of their mightiness.  
They that now puff'd up with 'sdainful insolence  
Despise the brood of blessed sapience,  
They, the sons of darkness and of ignorance ;  
But whom thou, great Jove, by doom unjust  
Did to the type of honour erst advance,  
May the heavens frown, the earth for anger quake,  
And fatal birds about them flock,  
Such as by nature men abhor and hate :—  
The ill-faced owl, death's dreadful messenger,  
The hoarse night raven, trump of doleful dreere ;  
The leather-winged bat, day's enemy ;  
The rueful strich, still waiting on the bier ;  
The whistler shrill that who-so hears doth die ;  
The hellish harpies, prophets of sad destiny—  
All these, and all that else doth horror breed  
Out of the dwellings of the damnéd sprights,  
Such as Dame Nature's self mote fear to see,

Most horrible aspects and ugly shapes,  
All dreadful portraits of deformity !  
Spring-headed hydras and sea-should'ring whales,  
Great whirl pools that with sorrow and sad agony  
All fishes make to flee,  
Requite them.  
Let the famished flesh slide from their bones.  
Let prisons swallow 'em,  
Debts wither 'em to nothing ;  
And may the beggar dogs lick  
Their false bloods up.  
O hear me, God, out of my misery ; thou knowest  
I show heaven love, duty, zeal,  
Therefore I say —— ”

“ Peace ! say no more.”

“ And leave out of my dread curse the worst ?  
That rogue that in the world's eyes as my cousin stands ?  
If curses can pierce the clouds and enter heaven,  
Why then give way to my quick curses, heaven.  
God, I beseech Thee,  
By some unlookéd accident cut off this dog,  
This freckled whelp, hag-born,  
Not honoured with a human shape ;  
This marked, abortive, rooting hog  
That wast sealed in his nativity ;  
This slander of his mother's heavy womb,  
This lothed issue of his father's loins,  
This rag of honour, this detested cat,  
This slave, this wretch, this coward,  
This little valiant, great in villainy.  
This daily break-vow, that  
Brakest the pate of faith.

At his nativity the heavens were all on fire,  
The earth did tremble and in hell,  
Drunk with good fortune,  
Satan called the spirits from the vasty deep  
And unto all his kingdom did proclaim his birth.  
And the infernal deities of Pluto, Proserpine  
And the Furies with all the power of Tartarus  
Did in blind obedience themselves prostrate  
At their superior's feet, and in the crooked ways  
Of sin and death did give all hail to him  
And cry him chief!  
O thou that art ugly and slanderous,  
To thy mother's womb full of unpleasing blots  
And sightless stains, lame, crooked, swart, prodigious,  
Patched with foul moles and eye-offending marks,  
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray  
To have thee suddenly conveyed from hence.  
Blush! blush! thou lump of foul deformity,  
Thou wretch, that within thee hast  
Such undivulged crime unwhipped of justice.  
Black night o'er-shade thy day and death thy life,  
Thou perjured, savage, evil and unnatural beast!  
O, earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,  
Or heaven with light'nings strike this murderer dead!  
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,  
That I may live and say the dog is dead.  
Thou dreadful motion of a murderous thought,  
Hast thou not misled, fooled, discarded and shook off  
A prince, a royal prince, a happy gentleman  
In blood and lineaments by thee unhappied  
And disfigured clean? Hast thou not in manner  
With thy sinful hours made a divorce

•

Betwixt his queen and him, and of a royal bed  
Broke the possession and stained the beauty  
Of a fair queen's cheeks with tears  
Drawn fro' her eyes with thy foul wrongs?  
(A prince by fortune of his birth,  
Near to the queen in blood, and near in love,  
Till you did make her misinterpret him)  
Whilst thou hast fed upon his signiories,  
Disparked his parks and fell'd his forest woods;  
From his own windows torn his household coat,  
Raz'd out his impress, leaving him no sign  
Save men's opinions and his blood  
To show the world he was a gentleman.  
And hast thou not, indeed, outright slain  
The noble Earl of Essex,  
He who was indeed the glass wherein  
The noble youth did dress themselves?  
He had no legs that practiced not his gait,  
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,  
Became the accent of the valiant;  
For those that could speak low and tardily  
Would turn their own perfection to abuse  
To seem like him,  
So that in speech, in gait, in diet,  
In affections of delight, in military rules  
And humours of the blood, he was the mark  
And glass, copy and book  
That fashioned others.  
O wonderous him! O miracle of men!  
His honour (may heavenly glory brighten it)  
Stuck upon him as the sun  
In the gray vault of heaven,

•

And by his light did all the chivalry  
Of England move to do brave acts—  
This sweet and lovely gentleman,  
Framed in the prodigality of nature,  
So young, valient, wise and right royal  
That the spacious world cannot soon afford another like  
Him (second to none), him thou  
Killed.

O cursed be the hand that made those holes !  
Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it !  
Cursed the blood that let the blood from hence !  
More direful hap betide thee, hated wretch,  
That makes me wretched by the death of him,  
Than I can wish to wolves, to spiders, toads,  
Or any creeping venomous thing that lives !  
If ever thou have child, abortive be it,  
Prodigious and untimely brought to light,  
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect  
May fright the hopeful mother at the view,  
And that be heir to thy unhappiness.  
If ever thou have wife, let her be made  
More miserable by the life of thee  
Than I am made by the death of him !  
O God,  
Let heaven kiss earth and let not nature's hand  
Keep the wild floods confined !  
Let order (like a horse which, full  
Of high feeding, hath broke loose and bears  
Down all before him) madly riot through the world,  
And let the world no longer be a stage  
In a lingering act to feed the honours  
Of this death-darting cockatrice,

But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
Reign in our bosoms, that each heart, being set  
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end  
In this fawning greyhound's death ;  
And let the spirits of darkness  
Be buriers of the dead !  
O let the brightsome heavens be dim  
And nature's beauty choke with clouds ;  
And in way  
He most abhorrest and accountest vile and wretched  
Make him die that hast made the happy earth a hell,  
And filled it with cursed cries and deep exclams,  
O thou that swayest the region under earth,  
And art a king as absolute as Jove,  
Come as thou didst in fruitful Sicily,  
Surveying all the glories of the land,  
And as thou tookst the fair Proserpine  
'Joying the fruit of Ceres' garden plot  
For love, for honour, to make her queen,  
So for just hate, for shame, and to subdue  
This proud contemner of thy dreadful power,  
Come once in fury and survey his pride,  
Hal'ing him headlong to the lowest hell.  
Come from the concave superficies  
Of Jove's vast palace, the empyreal orb.  
Suddenly appear between the empyrean  
And the globe of earth,  
And standing in the middle region of the air  
Above the summits of the greater globes,  
Like a bullet cast his body  
Through the starry tract of heaven  
Into the burning sulphur flames

That scorch and feed upon the flesh;  
And in the fury of that flame,  
That none but Christ can quench,  
Burn him a thousand years!  
O Christ!  
If there be a Christ, as Christians say,  
(But in their deeds deny Him for their Christ),  
O Thou just and dreadful punisher of sin,  
If thou be son to everlasting Jove,  
And have the power of his outstretchéd arm—  
If you be jealous of your name and honour,  
Open thou the shining vale of Cynthia  
And make a passage from the empyreal heaven,  
That He that sits on high and never sleeps,  
Nor in one place is circumscribable,  
But everywhere fills every continent  
With strange infusion of His sacred vigour,  
May in His endless power and purity  
Behold and venge this traitor's perjury!  
Thou Christ that art esteemed Omnipotent,  
If Thou wilt prove Thyself a perfect God,  
Worthy the worship of all faithful hearts,  
Be now revenged upon this traitor's soul,  
And let his barbarous body be a prey to beasts and fowls,  
And through the shady leaves of every senseless tree  
Let all the winds breathe murmurs and hisses loud.  
For his heinous crime,  
Scald his soul in the Tartarian stream,  
And upon the baneful tree of hell  
That Zoacum, that fruit of bitterness  
That in the midst of fire is ingrafted  
With apples like the heads of damnéd fiends,

Let him feed.

Let the devil there in chains

Of quenchless flame

Lead his soul through Orcus' burning gulf

From pain to pain,

Whose changes shall never end."

"O, by Him whose infant arms

Were moulded in His blessed mother's womb

To chase the pagans from those holy fields

Over whose acres (when he came to age)

Walked those blessed feet which

Sixteen-hundred years ago were nailed

For our advantage to the bitter cross—

By Him that with patience stooped

Upon the bloody cross unto His fortune;

By that head that was impaléd

With a glorious crown of thorns;

By him that endured to the bottom,

To the very utmost bound,

The list of all misfortune;

By Him that made the world and saved thy soul,

The Son of God and issue of a maid

Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare,

Sweet Jesus Christ, I solemnly pray thee be content !

'Tis not wisdom thus to second grief

Against thyself.

And if thou go on thus thou wilt kill yourself.

O, be composed, my lord; thou hast enough;

Thy fortune still is tolerable.

How many deaf, dumb, halt, lame, blind

Miserable persons could I reckon up

That are poor and withal distressed,

In imprisonment, banishment, galley-slaves  
To the mines and quarries  
And to gyves in dungeons condemned  
To perpetual imprisonment,  
Than all whom thou art richer ; thou art more happy ;  
To whom thou art able to give an almes,  
A lord in respect, a petty prince.  
Then I say  
Be content. Mutter and repine no more,  
For thou art not poor indeed but in opinion ;  
And to want nothing is divine.  
Thou art here vexéd in this world,  
But say to thyself  
'Why art thou troubled, oh, my soul ?'  
Is not God better to thee  
Than all temporalities and momentary pleasures  
Of the world ?  
Be thou pacified,  
And though thou be'st now, peradventure,  
In extreme want, it may be 't is for thy further good  
To try thy patience, as it did Job's,  
And exercise thee in this life.  
Trust in God and rely upon him,  
And thou shalt in the end be crowned.  
The world hath forsaken thee,  
Thy friends and fortunes all are gone ;  
Yet know this :  
The very hairs of thy head are numbered.  
Of all thy miseries God is a spectator ;  
He sees thy woes and wants and wrongs ;  
'T is His good will and pleasure it should be so,  
And better than thou thyself He knows

What is for thy good.

His providence is over all at all times.

He hath set a guard of angels over us

And keeps us as the apple of his eye.

Some doth he exalt, prefer and bless

With worldly riches, honours, offices

And preferments,

As so many glist'ning stars

He makes to shine above the rest.

Some from thieves, incursions, sword, fire

And all violent mischances

Doth he miraculously protect.

Conform thyself then to thy present fortune

And cut thy coat according to thy cloth.

Be contented with thy lost state and calling

And rest well satisfied with

Thy condition in this life ;

And as he that is invited to a feast

Eats what is set before him and for no other looks,

Enjoy what thou hast and ask no more of God

Than what He thinks fit upon thee to bestow."

"Sir, in my thoughts shall Christ be honoured,

And to His power (which here appears as full

As rays of Cynthia to the clearest sight)

I have referred the justice of my claim ;

Yet I pray you cease your counsel,

Which falls into mine ears as profitless

As water in a sieve.

Give not me counsel nor let no comfort

Delight mine ears but such a one

Whose wrongs doth suit with mine.

Bring me a father that so loved his child

As I loved Essex,  
Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,  
And bid him speak of patience.  
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine  
And let it answer every strain for strain,  
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,  
In every lineament, branch, shape and form.  
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard  
And wag his head, cry hem! when he should  
With sorrow groan, patch grief with proverbs,  
Make misfortune drunk with candle-wasters,  
Bring him yet to me,  
And of him I will gather patience.  
But there is no such man; for men  
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief  
Which they themselves do not feel;  
But tasting it,  
Their counsel turns to passion,  
Which before would give perceptible medicine  
To rage,  
And fetter strong madness with a silken string;  
Charm ache with air and agony with words.  
No, no, 'tis all men's office  
To speak patience to those  
That wring under the load of sorrow;  
But no man hath virtue nor sufficiency  
To be so moral when he shall endure  
The like himself.  
Therefore give me no counsel.  
My griefs cry louder than advertisement,  
Therefore I pray you peace.  
I will be flesh and blood.

There was never yet philosopher  
That could endure the tooth ache patiently,  
However much they may have writ in stile of gods  
And made a push at chance and sufferance.  
Have I not stooped my neck under their injuries  
And sighed my breath in foreign clouds?  
Eating the bitter bread of banishment?  
Am I not a very trick  
For them to play at will?  
By all the gods to the blackest devil,  
To the profoundest pit I'll damn their souls.  
And didst you that bid me be content  
But know the inly touch of hate  
You would as soon go kindle fire with snow  
As seek to quench the fire of hate with words.  
By heaven and all the moving orbs thereof;  
By this right hand and by my father's sword,  
And all the honours belonging to the crown,  
If ever I be England's king  
I will have heads and lives of them as many  
As I have manors, castles, towns and towers.  
In lakes of gore their headless trunks,  
Their bodies, will I trail,  
That they may drink their fill and quaff in blood.  
And I'll stain my royal standard with the same,  
That so my bloody colours may suggest  
Remembrance of revenge immortally  
On these accursed traitorous villains  
That have slain my father and my brother;  
And on the proud disturber of his country's peace,  
Cause of these broils, I'll be revenged most thoroughly."  
"Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself.

Hear me a little. I do not seek to quench  
Your hate's hot fire, but qualify  
The fire's extreme rage,  
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason."

"The more you dam it up the more it burns.  
The current that with gentle murmur glides  
You know, being stopped, impatiently doth rage.  
But when his fair course is not hindered  
He curbs himself as fair and evenly  
As doth the smug and silver Trent,  
Or the gentle Severn,  
Who in his sedgy bank doth his crisp head  
Turn and wind among the trembling reeds  
And makes sweet music with the enameled stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;  
And so  
By many winding nooks he strays  
With willing sport to the wild ocean;  
But dammed up he comes me cranking in  
And from side to side cuts from off the land  
A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle out,  
And gelding the opposéd continents  
The river's current doth run and wind  
With deep indent in a new channel.  
Then hinder not my course; let me go on,  
And in a flood  
With such a heady currance scouring faults  
Make the period of my curse,  
And then I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,  
And with exquisite music  
I will unloose the knot.

O! understand my drift. Know you not  
The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,  
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best  
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality?  
So I have  
Under the vail of this bitter, frantic curse  
My true titles to the crown and seat  
Of England, Ireland and France,  
Obscured and hid.  
So let me speak to th' yet unknowing world,  
And you shall hear  
Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts,  
Of accidental judgements, casual slaughters,  
Of deaths, put on by cunning and forced cause,  
And, in the up-shot, purposes mistook  
Falne on the inventors' heads.  
How all these things came about  
I truly will deliver.  
O then, let me speak and rail so high  
That the false huswife, fortune, break her wheel,  
Provoked at my offence.  
Have I not lived, my lord,  
Since the queen died, in such dishonour  
That the gods detest my baseness?  
Had you been by and seen this fellow  
Quoted and signed to do a deed of shame,  
Witness against me,  
Then you would help me curse,  
And would not strew sugar on this bunchback'd toad,  
That leaves the print of blood where'er he walks—  
This bottled spider, whose deadly web  
Environs me about—

For he is the ivy which has hid my princely trunk  
And suckt my verdure out.

O, I will speak as liberal as the north.

Let heaven and men and devils—

Let them all, all, all cry shame

Against me, yet I'll speak.

The blood more stirs to rouse a lion

Than to start a hare, and at last 'twill out.

O heaven, O heavenly powers!

O Christ, thou Son of God,

Thou that art the theme of honour's tongue,

Amongst a grove the very straightest plant,

And Thou, O Father of so blest a Son,

I pray thee shore his thread in twain!

Yea, curse his good angel from his side

And let the devil himself

And all the plagues of Egypt

Upon him come at once,

And let damnation be his end.

O blessed, breeding sun, draw from the earth

Rotten humidity below thy sister orbs.

Infect the air.

Twin brothers of one womb,

Whose procreation, residence and birth

Scarce is dividant, touch him with several fortunes,

That all the world may see the nature

Of this blaspheming Italian Jew!"

"You still let slip if you have not done.

Too't again, I'll stay thy leisure."

"Nay I am done, in sooth."

"Then I beseech you once more to your task.

Please set a work and show the way

Unto the story of your life."

"My dear sir, at your service ; at your best command."

"Who are you ? What is your parentage?"

"I am eldest son to the greatest monarch of the land—  
The son and heir to Leicester, and son unto the queen."

"What is your name?"

"Francis Plantagenet."

"Are you the bastard son of the queen?"

"No, no, no ; not so !

I did not think you would ask me such a question.

Divorce not wisdom from you.

Mischance hath trod my title down

And with dishonour laid me on the ground,

Where I must take seat unto my fortune

And to my humble seat conform myself.

O, that it could be proved that I am the king !

But I cannot do it because

That bottled spider, that bunchback'd toad

That I did wish you to help me curse,

Untimely smothered my proof.

This sway of motion, this commodity,

This vile drawing bias, this base dwarf,

Was deeply versed in politics and seem'd born

To acquire dominion and rule ;

For he of all men had the countenance

Of the queen and received much honour and favour from her.

Nay more, damned by all, this creature

Seem'd to command his royal mistress ;

And unless he had done this with ready

And great dexterity he would frequently

Have been involved in imminent danger, if not destruction.

The empire he had over the queen

Continued through the course of her life ; and  
When I consider the riddle of this monster's  
Dominion over her I must indeed admit  
It to be one of the things for which there is no solution,  
Being, as he was, rude exteriorly,  
His head, by its own weight and heaviness,  
Turning his neck over on one side,  
And upon it he had a mole, a sanguine star,  
That was a mark of wonder.  
His limbs were so abortive, defective and loose jointed  
That he staggers in his feeble step.  
Taking note of his abhorred aspect and beastly,  
Prodigious face, women were as afraid of him  
As of the devil. And when they talk of him  
They shake their heads and whisper one another  
In the ear; and she that speaks doth gripe the hearer's  
Wrist; while she that hears makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes;  
And if they be by chance left alone with him  
They shortly weep and howl.

“I saw him once break into a mad passionate speech  
And entreat the queen to dismiss them from the court.  
But she condoles his mishap and smiling said  
They were a company of fools; let them laugh  
And be merry; they had rather lose a friend  
Than a jest, and what company soever they come in  
They will be scoffing, insulting over their inferiors.  
God in heaven, man, you have no cause to complain.  
They would make me the subject of a calumny.  
A scurrilous and bitter jest, a libel,  
A pasquil, satire, apologue, epigram, stage play  
Or the like, for want of change.

They live here solitary, alone, sequestered from all company  
But heart-eating melancholy, and they must  
Crucify some one. Every one of these creatures  
Pities you, and if thou didst but hear them play and dance  
I know thou wouldst be so well pleased  
With the object that thou wouldst dance  
Thyself for company. Thou wilt without doubt  
Be taken with such companions, and they  
Will be especially delighted to let thee  
Be in company with them ;  
And with her ivory hand she wafts to her  
A fair maid, the worst one of her merry company  
Of women, and the one most adverse to the part,  
And addressing her said, ' This good gentleman  
Is not ashamed to confess that he takes infinite delight  
In singing, dancing, music, woman's company  
And such like pleasures, therefore,  
He wouldst have thee dance.  
And fair goddess, fall not deep in love with him.'

"Saith the lady :

'Does the lamb love the wolf? Give me good excuse,  
madam,

For I am sick and capable of fears,  
A woman naturally born to fears,  
And therefore full of fears ; and though  
Thou now confess that thy highness  
Didst but jest with my vexed spirits  
I cannot but quake and tremble all this day.  
If he were but grim I would not care.  
I then would be content, for then I should love him.  
But as all may witness, he is fair.'

"Tickled with such good answer, the queen said :

'He is a happy man ; take his arm  
And go along with him ; enjoy the brightness  
Of this clear light and those nimble feet.'

"It is an old saying: a blow with a word  
Strikes deeper than a blow with a sword,  
And he was more galled with his royal mistresses' wit  
Than he was with his merry companion. He went with the  
Poor maid, and buried in silence, stood  
Like a blasted tree amongst them ;  
And they in consternation like bashful,  
Solitary, timorous birds, avoided him.  
They broke away as if he were a mad dog  
Which must by all means be avoided.  
'Tis the nature of all men to reflect upon themselves  
And their own misfortunes, not to examine  
Or consider other men's ;  
Not to compare themselves with others ; to recount  
Their miseries but not their good gifts,  
Fortunes, benefits.  
They ruminate on their adversity,  
But do not once think on their prosperity.  
Every man knows his own, but not others'  
Defects and miseries ;  
And as I before have said in my essay,  
Deformed persons are commonly even with nature ;  
For as nature hath done ill by them,  
So do they by nature, being for the most part  
(As the scripture saith) void of natural affection,  
And so they have their revenge of nature.  
Certainly there is a consent between the body  
And the mind, yet whosoever hath anything fixed  
In his person that doth breed contempt

Hath also a perpetual spur in himself  
To rescue and deliver himself from scorn.  
Therefore all deformed persons are  
Extreme bold, first in their own defence,  
As being exposed to scorn but in process of time,  
By a general habit also it stirreth  
In them industry, and 'specially of the kind  
To watch and observe the weakness of others,  
That they may have somewhat to repay.  
Again in their superiours it quencheth  
Jealousies towards them as persons that they think  
They may at pleasure despise;  
And it layeth their competitors and emulators asleep,  
As never believing that they should be  
In possibility of advancement till they  
See them in possession.  
They will, if they be of spirit,  
Seek to free themselves from scorn,  
Which must either be by virtue or malice.  
And they are rather good spials and whisperers  
Than good magistrates and officers.  
Cecil, who from the hour of his birth  
Was weak, sickly and deformed, stood  
Like a hapless, wretched, misshaped and sullen knave,  
Plunged in melancholy, while his companions  
Were busily discoursing about him  
Behind his back.  
He distasted this kind of company  
Out of a sinister suspicion that such  
An infinite company of pleasing beauties  
Obscured his sickly and unnatural body.  
For this reason such a saucy companion

Oppressed him with fear that by her wanton  
Carriage she might provoke and tempt the  
Spectators to laugh.

Every base knave hath a wolf's nature,  
And this foul devil, I promise you,  
Was as hard-hearted, unnatural a monster  
As the devil and his ministers need to have.  
Cunning hath made the devil so sly that he  
Devises a way to be revenged upon  
The soft, silly maid, and withal at the same time  
To be honoured, admired and highly magnified.  
To do this the monster of a man  
Cheats his fair companion  
Into covert rubs of the worth and honour  
Of the queen.

The complexion of the maid changed from pale to red  
And from scarlet to pale when he  
With big, thundering voice cried twice:  
'All this condemns you to the death  
To so much dishonour the fair queen.'  
As falcon to the lure, flies the queen to him  
And ask'd what he had heard.

"Madam, this innocent and pure model,  
Moved by love for thee, told me  
That thou art an arrant whore and that thou  
Bore a son to the noble Leicester.  
I pray that thou give her chastisement.  
Either thou must, or have thy honour  
Soiled with the attainder of her slanderous lips.'

"Holy St. Michael, what a change was here!  
As a painted tyrant the queen stood  
And like a neutral to her will and matter did nothing.

But as you often see against some storm  
A silence in the heavens, the wrack stand still,  
The bold winds speechless and the orb below  
As hushed as death, anon the dreadful thunder  
Doth rend the region. So, after a pause,  
Upon mine honour you should have heard  
The great queen roar against  
The fair daughter of Lord Scales.

“ ‘By Holy God!’ in uncontrollable rage said she,  
‘Thou liest, dishonourable, vicious wench!  
We were married to him by a friar—  
A tried holy man—and if our dear love  
Were but the child of state, it should be told  
The world should know our love,  
Our master and our king of men.  
Small glory dost thou win  
To frame this public, foul reproach.  
Behold the open shame which  
Unto us day by day is wrought  
By such as hate the honour of our name.  
And shalt thou do him shame?  
By God, we will cut and mince  
The throat that doth call us a common whore!  
Like to a Turkish mute  
Thou shalt have a tongueless mouth.’

“ With shrilling shrieks  
The wretched lady turned  
And in a twinkling, like the current, flies  
In violent swift flight from her fair foe.  
After her, in rage and malice,  
The great queen chases.  
As she doth bound away her sunny locks

Hang o'er her temples like a golden fleece,  
And as she flies, inflamed with rage,  
Her gown slipped from her,  
And in her shift she springs along.  
In a circle they take their flight,  
And after long pursuit and vain assay,  
Whether fear, wicked fortune  
Or cruel fate the girl mislead,  
By some unfortunate hap or accident  
Down did she tumble ;  
And being a woman, there did lie.  
The angered princess as she lies,  
Above her lily arms turned her smock,  
And in her hair her hands she dived  
And hales her up and down  
In cruel wrath. She said,  
'I'll unhair thy head ; thou shalt  
Be whipt with wire and stewed in brine,  
Smarting in lingering pickle.  
I'll spurn thine eyes like balls before me.  
I will teach thee to slander me—  
Thou hast lived too long.'

“ And then from one that before her bends  
She draws a knife.  
The lady had taken advantage of the time.  
And with arms outstretched  
Essays to fly, but eclipses crooked against her fight,  
And the queen,  
Who in her hand the foul knife grasps,  
Did jump upon her, and they both  
Together fall upon the slippery floor.  
Unmoved with her plenteous tears

And prayers, th' despightful queen  
At the maiden's heart  
And snow-white breasts did strike and tilt.  
O she did plead and her intreat for mercy, crying  
'O, thou wilt kill me ; forgive me ;  
Kill me not,' and conjured her  
To spare her life. But the cruelty  
Of womankind is such the queen her heeded not,  
And because of the slippery floor  
That would not let her stand,  
She presently did sheath her dagger  
And stamped upon her breast,  
For those milk paps that through  
Her windows barme peep at men's eyes  
Are not within the leat  
Of her pity writ."

"O, the vile and wicked lady !"

"At last, when all her speeches  
She had spent, nature, in sad despair  
Her senses swooned ;  
And like a wearied lamb she lies panting there.  
My boding heart pants, beats and takes no rest,  
As with the rest of the royal court  
I in painful silence stood,  
Tears in mine eyes,  
Being grieved that I, a youth,  
Must mine eyes abase and be content  
To see such wrong.  
I swear mine ears ne'er heard such yells,  
Nor mine eyes such fury and confusion, horrible !  
Thou shouldst have seen the poor maid's blood  
Paint the ground gules, bleeding from the lips.

Through the armor of a Prince Saturnine  
The sight would pierce.  
My resolution being taken at last,  
I ran where hateful death  
Put on his ugliest mask  
To fright our senses,  
And said as I held her arm :  
' Fair queen, I kiss your highness' hand.  
See, see, O see what thou hast done !  
Pause in God's name !  
Be not as barbarous as a Roman or a Greek  
Good madam, patience.  
May not I remove the maiden ?'

    "The wrath of the enraged queen  
Like an earthquake  
Fell upon my head, and my lord,  
I'll tell you what, all my glories  
In that one woman I forever lost.  
The queen like thunder spoke :  
' How now, thou cold-blooded slave,  
Wilt thou forsake thy mother  
And chase her honour up and down ?  
Curst be the time of thy nativity !  
I would the milk thy nurse gave thee  
When thou suck'st her breast  
Had been a little rats-bane.  
I am thy mother. Wilt thou stoop now  
And this good girl take away from me ?'

    " I stand aghast and most astonished.  
Then she said again :  
' Slave ! I am thy mother.  
Thou mightst be an emperor but that I will not

Bewray whose son thou art;  
Nor though with honourable parts  
Thou art adorned, will I make thee great  
For fear thyself should prove  
My competitor and govern England and me.'

"As she spoke my legs like  
Loaden branches bow to the earth,  
As willing to leave their burden;  
My strength fails and over  
On my side I fall.

"'Fool! Unnatural, ingrateful boy!  
Does it curd thy blood to hear me say  
I am thy mother?'

"And into her eyes fierce, scornful,  
Nimble lightnings dart  
With blinding flame.  
O, mother, mother!  
At this unnatural scene the heavens  
Did ope, and the gods looked down  
And laughed.

In her whelming lap misfortune  
Waits advantage to entrap  
The man most wary; so me,  
Weak wretch, unweeting of mishap,  
Through occasion she to mischief brought,  
That the queen, being moved with rage,  
Thus herself bespoke and revealed  
Her secret to that devil who,  
Wrapped in the silence of his angry soul,  
Stood list'ning.  
Every word he heard,  
And as the queen

Stooped her annoited head  
As low as mine and said  
'Thou art my son,' the fury of his heart  
He in his deforméd face portrayed.  
O Lord! may the hellish prince,  
Grim Plúto with his mace,  
Ding down his soul to hell!  
He shut his choler up in secret thoughts  
And did begin those deep engendered plans  
That kindled into flame first at  
My honourable brother's death,  
And my banishment from the English throne."

"What happened after the great queen  
Did your secret birth declare?"

"Our mortal enemy  
(Agreeable to the meanness of his vilo, false heart)  
Drew near the queen, saying  
'I am very sorry this mishap has occurred.'  
The queen, composing her countenance, said,  
'The matter is at an end,'  
Then said he:

'I will take dishonour upon me,  
And so your honour is saved.'

"With that the queen said:  
'Sir, that can I not do with my honour,  
'And you less with yours.'

"Herewith, a little confused, he acts  
As if in a study, and presently said:  
'A princess of such great policy,  
Profound judgement and reputation  
Should not give abroad to the world  
Such a fame, for you will be thought

To have brought the lady into the dispute  
For the preservation of your own honour,  
But if the charge is cast upon me  
Of raising up this broil,  
The lady will impute it to my rage  
And no one will attempt to go higher.'

“‘I tell thee, let me hear no more!  
She hath dishonoured me;  
And if she hath forgot the honour  
And virtue of her sovereign,  
I will banish her my company  
And give her as a prey to law and shame.  
Look thou! these foul offenders  
That defile nobility and my honour deface  
Shall be punished.’”

“‘But fair queen,’ said he, ‘if you will use  
Your scepter not to control but kill,  
The world will question  
Your wisdom.’

“‘Trouble me no more,’ said the queen.  
‘I do repute you every one my foes.  
I’ll pardon her, but wench,  
Take heed! take heed!  
Such as thou die miserably.  
We have an ill-divining soul,  
And either our eyesight fails, or we, methinks,  
See thee now as low  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.  
Thou mumbling fool,  
Utter thy gravity o’er a gossip’s bowl,  
For here we need it not.  
Great God, all our care hath been

To have this secret hid !  
And now to have a wretched, puling fool,  
A whining mammet in her fortunes tender,  
Tell it in company of the whole court !  
Thou shalt not house with me.  
Dry thine eyes and go ; get thee hence !  
I will pardon thee, but, my lady wisdom,  
We hope thou wilt hold thy tongue  
And let good prudence  
Smatter with thy gossip. Go ; speak not,  
Nor answer us not ; or by this hand  
We will yet teach thy tongue  
Proper wisdom. And thou, my son,  
Thou foolish child, a pack of blessings  
Light upon thy back.  
Speak thou not of this  
That thou hast heard, but go.  
Speak not ; begone ! I desire thee  
To know no more. Look, let thy lips  
Rot off e'er thou speak of this.  
Get you gone.'

“ Stupefied I abruptly rise, turn,  
And as my tears made me blind,  
With uncertain steps cross the court,  
And by means of one of the several posterns  
Leave the castle and swiftly toward the city walk ;  
And as my feet ascend the hill,  
Mindless of the way, I thought  
I will go to the worthy lady whom  
Up to this time I have believed to be my mother,—  
Mistress Anne Bacon, the wife  
Of that renowned and noble gentleman,

Sir Nicholas Bacon. As I ran I thought  
O God, I cannot wish a more noble parentage.  
They are nobly allied,  
With honourable parts proportioned.  
Am I not their son ?  
They love me dearly and I love her.  
She is worthy ; her honour is an essence ;  
She loves me, I am sure.  
I'll tell her of the cruelty of our sovereign queen.  
Her delicate tenderness will find itself abused,  
By the false woman that governs  
This warlike isle. It is preposterous  
To lose mine mother with the pretence  
Of this queen, this subtle lock and key  
Of villainous secrets, her story is so outrageous.  
How was I concealed ? So kind a father  
As I have, whose noble nature  
Is so far from doing harm,  
Would not hide what I have heard.  
No, no ; fancy him the just judge,  
The greatest of his profession  
In the royalty of his nature,  
Accessory with her majesty in  
Disguising this deed 'gainst nature.  
I dare boldly say  
Neither he nor she, so rich, so well allied,  
Fortunate and happy, concocted  
With the queen this dreadful invention  
To delude or to dishonour me  
I will swiftly hurry home  
And address myself to my father or my mother,  
And learn my state.

My mind exceeds the compass of my speed  
As down the road I breathless fly  
To the fair Gothic mansion where  
This noble man, day and night,  
Composeth himself how to please  
His mistress and justly judge  
The innocence and guilt of all.  
I made entry, bursting headlong  
Into the entrance, and found  
My mother—as I call her still—going forth.  
I said, ‘Madam, I would speak to you  
On matter of great moment to both of us ;  
Therefore I pray you return.’

“‘Son,’ said she, ‘I go but to ride,  
And shortly shall be back.  
Will it not be time then to tell me?’

“‘Not so, madam ;  
Your honour and mine is questioned.  
I cannot wait. I have vowed to understand  
The reference of the queen and clear  
Your reputation and my honour at once.’”

“‘Hold, rash intermeddling boy !  
Follow me to my withdrawing room.’

“And in silence we pass into her ladyship’s study,  
Where she turned to me and said :  
‘Now, what have you to say to me ?  
Let me truly hear what scandal  
Hath this flame kindled.’

“I drop down upon my knee before her  
And, hanging my head, say :  
‘Pardon me, madam. To-day the queen told me  
She is my mother and not you.’”

“ ‘What ! what’s the matter with  
This distempered queen ?  
Did she say I am not thy mother ?’  
“ ‘Aye, madam.’ ”  
“ ‘Fie, sir, fie ! thou liest !  
Hast thou not misunderstood her words ?’  
“ ‘Into her eyes came the woman’s weapons,  
And water drops stain her cheeks as I answer,  
‘Indeed, madam, I fear not.’  
“ ‘Thou knowest better ;  
You think I’ll weep.  
I’ll not weep. I have full cause  
Of weeping storm and tempest,  
But this heart shall break  
Into a hundred thousand straws  
Or e’er I’ll weep.  
O, you young fool ! I will go mad.  
I will have such revenge on you both  
That all the world shall —— !  
I will do such things, what they are  
Yet I know not, but they shall be  
The terrors of the earth !  
All the storéd vengeance of heaven  
Fall on her ingratefull top !  
Strike her bones, you taking air,  
With lameness, and infect her beauty !  
You fensucked fogs  
Drawn by the powerful sun,  
Fall and blister her !  
Diseased infirmities play with her !  
Say ’tis not so.  
Make thy peace for moving me to rage.

Her son? Ah, false, deceitful, double-eyed woman,  
She respects not her word,  
Betraying unto him that  
Which upon her sacred honour  
She with deep oaths hath sworn to keep.  
When she did give him me she swore  
Never to reveal it.'

“‘I crave your pardon, madam.  
I am come to know the secret of my childhood.  
Were you both my mothers?  
You do not speak;  
Is't so? Is my honoured name of no note?  
Am I a bastard of the queen?  
O, the blest gods! O, the shame on't!  
I must die; I cannot bear such dishonour.  
I can look no man in the face again.  
O God, you look pale!  
Do you confess I am not your son?  
What do you know? Here on my knee  
I charge you as heaven shall work in me  
For your avail, tell me truly  
Whether, good madam, you are my mother.  
Comfort me. Cut not off my good name.  
Am I possessed with an adulterous blot?  
Is my blood mingled with the crime of lust?  
You see me here so full of grief,  
Why will you not answer?  
Are you deaf and dumb?’

“‘I know not how to make ye suddenly an answer  
In such a point of weight so near mine honour.’

“‘Play me not false.  
Keep fair league with me.

You are a lady ; let me not live disdained, dishonoured.  
I cannot tamely bear it.  
If it be that you are not my mother,  
I had rather have you tell me  
Then let me eat my heart out  
In bitter grieving.'

“ ‘ You will not relish the truth.’

“ ‘ Then the queen did not lie ?

O, unnatural mother,  
Thy flesh being strumpeted, I do digest the poison.  
I would go to hell could I but in  
The world beneath forget this loss of reputation.  
And yet,  
O, thou great God !  
I do desire Thee, even from a heart  
As full of sorrow as the sea of sands,  
That Thou by the figures of some hidden art  
Transform me from this flesh,  
That I may live to look on all their deaths !  
O let her die with every joint a wound !  
O unhappy son, dishonoured in thy stock,  
Let all the sighs I breath for this disgrace  
Hang on my hedges like eternal mists,  
As mourning garments for their mastered death !  
Ope, earth, and take thy miserable son  
Into the bowels of thy cursed womb !  
Once in a surfeit thou didst spew him forth ;  
Now for fell hunger suck him in again,  
And be his body poison to thy veins.  
False boding woman, thou tyrant of the land  
Bolstering thy hateful head upon the throne  
That God unworthily hath blessed thee with,

O God! lay it as low as hell.  
Set thy angry soul upon her wings  
And let her fly into the shade of death.  
Cloath the sun's sphere with a triple fire  
Sooner than his clear eye  
Should suffer stain or be offended  
With sight of this detested, hateful, withered hag!'

"'Stay! have done. End thy frantic curse,  
Lest to thy harm thou move God's patience.  
Fool! Fool! Thou whettest a knife  
To kill thyself.'

"Ah, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,  
To chide my fortune and torment myself?  
I'll join with black despair against my soul  
And to myself become an enemy."

"'I must tell you you do not understand yourself.  
What means this scene of rude impatience?  
You have breathed against yourself  
The compass of your curse.  
You may not live your natural age  
Because you taint thus the honour  
Of your mother with your charm.  
But I hope curses never pass beyond  
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.'

"'I will not think but they ascend the sky,  
And there awake God's gentle sleeping peace.'

"'Fool! Like the fool of Israel, graceless Absalom,  
You will be used who by Jove's just doom  
His life closed 'twixt heaven and earth.'

"'Well, madam, at my death  
Let heaven forever weep,  
Making huge flood upon the land I leave

To ravish them and all their fairest fruits.  
And for my vanquished honour  
I will be the hellish instrument of heaven  
To chase all mists away.'

" 'Fie, take it not so to heart.

You need not fear dishonour.  
Your father is a noble gentleman  
Who was properly married by law  
To the queen, before you, child,  
Were prisoner to her womb.  
I have express commandment to lock up  
From you the truth ;  
But I'll give you access to the midwife  
And the doctor who freed and enfranchised you.'

" 'Pray God, you prove it so,

Most honoured madam.

Who is my father ?'

" 'A mighty prince of most renowned race,  
High in court of England ;  
And to gain his grace greatest ones do sue.  
Of greatest ones he greatest is  
In deed and word,—the noble Earl of Leicester.'

" 'Where was I born ?'

" 'In Windsor Castle.

I will tell you the story of your birth.  
I know it all, for from our infancy  
The queen and I have conversed.  
I was made privy to the marriage of your mother,  
And when you were born  
I secretly conveyed you out of the nuptial room  
In a round, painted box,  
Carried you to my house

And brought you up as my own.'

" 'Why was I concealed?'

" 'The very force of circumstances  
Made it impossible for Queen Elizabeth  
To own you as her son.  
She could not do it without betraying  
The secret of a very terrible crime  
Which, led on by the great but licentious Semour,  
She committed when a girl.  
I will rehearse to you the same.  
I tried to prevent the loose encounters  
Of this lascivious man with her grace,  
But when I did hint to her most mannerly  
How unstayed it was for the adulterous admiral  
To ascend nightly to her chamber  
And lodge with her,  
She did strike me and said,  
'Will you then, wench, lesson me?  
Knowest y- not his looks are my soul's food?  
He is full of virtue, bounty, worth  
And beseeeming qualities, and I would be his wife;  
But, alas! alas! he is the husband  
Of my stepmother, whose unviolated honour,  
Wisdom, sober virtues and modesty  
Plead on her part for life.  
Alack! alack! I have pined for food  
So long a time that by longing,  
On my brow as on a table,  
All my thoughts are visibly characterized  
And engraved.  
O love! love!  
Would that I, like a doting mallard

That claps on her sea wing  
And after her love flies,  
Could pursue thee  
Between the heavens and earth,  
Till in our mad flight, out of breath,  
Leaving the vasty height, down, down  
Through the perfumed air we would sink  
Into the wide open sea !  
O pity, Venus, the dearth of love  
That I stand in need of !

“ ‘Some weeks after she said to me,  
‘I do conjure thee, Anne, to assist me.  
Tell me some means how I may  
With my good lord go away,  
And all that is mine—  
My goods, my lands—will I leave at thy dispose,  
Only in lieu therefore dispatch me hence  
With my noble lord.  
As thou lovest me, promise to save me,  
For ’t is a secret must be locked  
Within the teeth and lips.  
I fear death, for my conception womb  
Will soon give birth to a little child.  
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild  
When I dwell upon my fear,  
For the law of England doth work  
Summary vengeance on the joint partakers  
Of this youthful offence,  
To have my wrists and shanks fettered  
And carried headlong to the magistrate  
A prisoner, to have sentence of death passed ;  
To have my head severed from my body,

To be burned alive, or in some poor upper tower  
Locked in and forever incarcerated,  
My life prolonged to tell sad stories  
Of my own mishaps to the stone walls;  
No company to make me forget;  
Ghastly pictures of the devils all about me!  
Upon mine honour there is no time to be lost.  
Tell me what is to be done.  
Shall I run away? Come, answer me.  
All my sense and reason it doth master.  
I must not be mewed up!  
For God's sake let me not die, miserable me.'

“‘As she proceeded she did sigh and weep  
And looked steadily and wistfully upon me.

“‘Mighty princess, I know your condition,’ said I.  
‘Any searching eye may discover  
That you go great with child  
And must soon become a mother.’

“‘What shall I do?  
It is an unnatural and impious thing  
To bar me of liberty and stifle nature  
By severe and inhuman edicts.  
The silly wren, the little redbreast,  
The titmouse also all have their elections.  
They fly away together, whereas  
Christian men have by statutes bound  
Inclination, and thus by ordinances  
And laws about their kind  
Environ whom they list, and  
Have all the fair maids  
Cruelly constrained from all right  
To take, choose and celebrate Venus’ vigil

As nature doth impress and guide.  
Of everything that lives, man, alas ! alone,  
Against all right of kind  
Is debarred without a cause to marry otherwise.  
So narrow men bind their women  
To some young pittivanted trim-bearded fellow  
To be his galley-slave, his willing drudge ;  
To endure misery so that he can happily  
Enjoy his dear wife. They treat them  
Worse than dogs or horses.'

" 'Thus in her madness she rails and scoffs  
In most violent rage, and, as from a fountain, flowed  
Her jealousies, suspicions, fears, griefs and anxieties,  
Till remembering, she again said,  
What must I do to live.'

" 'Reason counsels one way ; your shame, danger and  
disgrace another.

But I'll save you.  
I have devised a means that you unknown  
May, without danger, discharge you of your burthen.  
But, to set a gloss on my undertaking  
You must be thought sick ;  
And if it appears not inconvenient to you,  
Your grace must stay in bed,  
And that your condition  
You may the more easily conceal,  
Deny yourself to all.'

" 'The princess this bruit gave forth,  
And by skillful paints (that she used)  
Did colour her face so well  
That she did seem to be near death.  
The upshot was

That here she liest till at last  
The swelling infant, ripe,  
Made pale her cheeks,  
Chasing the royal blood from forth  
Her native residence, and  
From the fortress built by nature  
With fury sprung selfborn,  
And yet unborn.  
For like a cunning instrument cased up  
And bound in with shame,  
This sweet soul in speechless death  
Lie'st in bed as in a grave.  
I was not skill'd enough  
To play the nurse, open the rotten bands  
And aid the poor child  
From the impervious case  
Which keeps it from breathing native breath.  
So unhallowed, unmuzzled, it passed in silence  
To the fountain of final causes,  
Namely, God.  
The necessity of concealing the body  
Of the young child, which,  
If our attendants approached,  
Could not be hid, was apparent;  
Yet no time have I before day blazonest  
To dig a grave, and there is no staying here,  
For fear some one will discover all.  
But, I remembered,  
By the wood there is a fish pond,  
And from the top of the tower,  
Through the very midst of the building,  
I bare the poor cold dead baby

To the garden,  
Whose western side, circummured with brick,  
Is with a vinyard back'd.  
To that vinyard is a planchéd gate  
That makes his opening by a little door  
Which from the garden to the vinyard leads.  
Through these I go to the pool  
Which candied is with firm, cold ice.  
In my arms I clasped the body,  
And skip o'er the icie bank  
To the middle center, where,  
On a bloody pillow which was her bed,  
I laid the baby down,  
And with my knife strike the thick pane.  
'T is sweating labour to cut the cold blanket  
When dead darkness hides the eye,  
And being unskilled,  
The ice melted and broke beneath me,  
And down I plunged  
Into the cold waters of the fish pool,  
That covered my face, mouth and eyes,  
And muddied me o'er  
With the decayed oak leaves  
That had fallen into the carp pool,  
And which stuck to me like the black badges  
Of the toad and adder blue,  
The gilded newt or eyeless worm.  
Reaking I come up  
And try to clamber out;  
But the utmost I could do  
Was to hold my own,  
For my soft, tender hands,

That know no touch more hard  
Than an unstringed viol or a harp,  
Are in short time so cold  
They ache and prick,  
And I, quite o'er figured,  
Lift up mine eyes to heaven,  
And in the cold waters  
That enfeebled me prepared to sink.  
In my efforts to redeem myself  
I had circled all about the hole,  
And enlarged it so that, as I resolved  
To no longer hold out  
And to give up the fight,  
My feet the bottom touched.  
The whistling wind,  
Blown by a windy tempest,  
Did frost my face as I arise and stand  
In the water, which to my neck comes up.  
The cold kills my eye and heart,  
And methinks  
I, with my pygmy arms, shall never have the strength  
To heave myself from out the circle  
Of this watery tenement,  
But bound in with the envious surge  
I shall freeze and die ;  
And at the thought  
My inward soul trembles.  
What shall I do?  
    "Ah, poor, unhappy maid."  
    "I was scant of breath,  
But resolved to try and myself uprear,  
And from the quicksand up I sprang.

But my hands slip,  
And back I fell into the inky blot.  
In raising again I happen  
In the weeds to light upon a stone,  
And by its aid I raise myself  
Unto the top, and by the providence of God,  
Win the dear, dear land,  
The blessed land, and happily  
'Scape being drowned.  
Then I threw the babe  
Into the pool, and by the path,  
Again rac'd back to the princess' bed  
Who, undisturbed  
In fretting humours and restless mind,  
Impatient grows at my long tarrience.  
In joy at my return, she with sobs  
Hugged me in her arms and said :  
'Where did you conceal the body—  
In the earth I hope ? Then  
Dissolution or notable alteration  
Will surpress discovery.'  
    "' I plunged it in the water, your highness.'  
        "' Was it thrown into the water  
Without any weight ?'  
    "' Aye, your highness.'  
    "' O God !' quoth she,  
'Others will know my shame.  
It will be espied. Some man  
By chance will find it,  
And I will be in his power.  
Stupid, away in haste  
And put it in the earth.'

“ ‘In despair I visit the black pool again,  
But find it not ; and back  
Unto the princess go.  
When I let her know  
I could not find the body  
She did cry  
‘O woe ! O fortunes spight !  
King Edward will hear  
I am a common stale.’

‘Come,’ said I, ‘thou makest conjectural fear.  
This is a desperate course we have engaged in.  
I think that it will sink  
And rest secure from worldly chances and mishaps ;  
And if thou wish to survive  
Thou must go to sleep,  
Or suspicion of thy condition will follow.  
I will put thy warm shirt on ;  
Then go to sleep, and thus prevent the slander  
Of thy virtue.’

“ ‘Even then the morning cock crew loud  
And at the sound she cried ‘Haste ! haste ! haste ! begin.’

“ ‘Alas, poor girl, she was too weak  
To help me remove her garments  
That are spotted with her blood ;  
But at last ’t is done, and  
Sighing sore, she did thank me,  
And into a miserable slumber fell.  
Then I retire to the end of the chamber.  
Here my spirits grow dull  
And I beguile the tedious time  
With heavy and unequal sleep.  
I repose till the ninth hour of the morn,

When I awake to look into the eyes  
Of the young king.  
In his haughty eye  
Thrilling, tempestuous mockeries dart  
As he, grave and austere, said :  
' Mistress, what body did you bear forth  
From the castle and, 'twixt eleven and twelve  
Last night throw into the spring adjoining ?'  
    " ' At first my fright did me deprive of speech,  
But my love for the princess  
Was stronger than my fear of him ;  
Yet am I doubtful what to say to him,  
Since I knew not what he had heard or seen.  
Therefore I begged the matter :  
' Great sir,' said I, ' begging your pardon,  
What body talk you of ?  
I know of no such body.'  
    " ' Fair lady,  
Have you made such a sinner of your memory  
As to credit your own lie ?  
What is between you two ?  
Give me up the truth.'  
    " ' As I do live, my honoured lord, 'tis true.'  
    " ' Fie ! Fie ! Here porter, here I say !  
Hast thou brought hither the little child ?'  
    " ' Certes sir,' thus he the prince replied,  
And like a snail he, slowly advancing,  
Into the hands of the prince  
Yielded up the little corpse.  
    " ' Ha, maid,' said the king to me,  
' The grave doth deliver up its dead.  
Behold, both of you !

Ha! I'll tell thee what,  
Thou 'rt damned as black—nay nothing is so black—  
Thou art more deep damned than Prince Lucifer.  
There is not so ugly a fiend in hell  
As thou shalt be,  
If thou hast slain this child.  
Upon my soul,  
If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act,  
Do but despair, and if thou wantest a cord,  
The smallest thread that ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will serve to strangle thee.  
A rush will be a beam to hang thee on.  
Or, wouldst thou drown thyself,  
Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be, as all the ocean, enough  
To overthrow thy breath.'

“‘Do but hear me, sir,’ I cry.  
‘Let hell want pains enough to torture me  
If I by act, consent, or sin of thought  
Be guilty of the baby’s death.’

“‘I do suspect thee very grievously.  
Methinks the sentence of damnation sounds;  
But this deadly blot in thee I’ll pardon  
If thou wilt deliver the unholy man  
That hath my wanton sister  
In shameful, cunning lust enchained.’

“‘I lift up my head and said:  
‘My honoured lord,  
Thy sister is so good a lady  
No tongue could ever pronounce  
Dishonour of her. By my life

She never knew harm-doing.'

“‘Fie upon this compelléd falsehood!

I reckon the casting forth to fish

Her little baby daughter to be none.

A devil would have shed water out of fire e'er don't.

The heart that could conceive

This pretty blossom's death

Is a gross false one.

From a beast in a pen take his young ones,

And see what effect it will cause.

Tigers, dragons, wolves and bears

Will by nature's law slay and eat up the man

That robs them of their young ;

But our sister

Is to this law of nature corrupted

By indulgence ; and when great minds

Through lust or benumbéd wills

Refuse the moral laws

Of nature and of nation,

And persist in doing wrong,

As it is known she before hath done,

When for some twelve or fourteen moonshines

Our great father, Henry the Eighth,

For her abominations with a tawney Moor

Turned her off and required her to live in oblivion.

For was she not even then

Given to all fleshly lust,

And so poured forth in sensual delight

That all regard of shame

And meet respect of honour she had put to flight ?

And not to love, but lust, was inclined,—

A bawd of eleven years !

There is a law in each well ordered nation  
Those disobedient, raging and refracted appetites  
To curb ; and I propose, if possible, to cure  
Her unmeasurable corruption,  
Which no compunctious visitings of nature  
Seem to shake.  
My fell purpose is to this day to cut the branch  
That might have grown full straight,  
But whose deepness doth entice  
Such wits as thine to practice,  
More than heaven or power permits ;  
Therefore (though this child hath no yellow in it)  
Thou hast both but one bare hour to live,  
And then thou must  
Perpetually be damned ;  
And her paramour, he that wooed her  
Without respect or high regard,  
I will crop his head.  
He that hath made the court his mart  
And turned it into a loathly stew,  
He shall expound his beastly mind in hell.'

“ ‘The princess cast herself upon the ground,  
Twin'd her milk-white arms  
About his feet and said,  
'O spare me! kill me not!  
Make me not the laughing stock  
Of the kingdom, I that am the daughter  
Of a king and queen !'

“ ‘Rudely he said, 'She that bore thee was no queen,  
And thou recoil from thy great father's stock  
When thou wallow in all fleshly mire  
And hast suffered this man

Thy virtue to deflower. Thou pure impiety  
And impious purity, I'll lock up all the gates of love,  
And on my eyelids shall justice hang.  
Kneel thou not down to me  
Rise, I'll pardon thee thy life,  
But in perpetuity I'll conceal thee,  
As best befits thee,  
In some reclusive and religious life,  
Out of all tongues, eyes and minds;  
But by the flaming light  
Of that celestial fire which kindleth love,  
I will advance the partaker  
Of thy hateful, wicked love  
As high up as a scaffold.'

“ ‘Up she did spring at this,  
Stood at his side and did upbraid him thus :  
'What shall I call thee, brother?  
No, a foe! monster of nature!  
Shame unto thy stock  
That darest presume to gratify thy wrath  
By execution of me! Thou weigh this well.  
What! wilt thou, that beare  
The ballance and the sword,  
With boisterous hand dishonour me?  
Thou shalt heat my blood no more.  
I tell thee I will not stoop mine greatness  
Nor my power, whatso'er betide me,  
To speak thee fair that offer such dishonour  
To my mother.  
Go, get thee gone! Have thy desire,  
And thou my nearest of male kin  
Cry fie upon my grave.

With whom am I accused?  
If I be condemned upon surmises  
(All proofs sleeping else),  
I tell thee it is rigor and not law.  
This brat is none of mine;  
It is the issue of some rotten callet.'  
"Look, reprobate!' quoth the now incenséd king  
As he did interrupt her.  
'Behold thy shirt stained  
With a cloud of gore.  
Besides, I know the name  
Of thy worthless concubine.  
He hath confessed, and I am resolved  
To have his head. Look, here he comes.  
He did betray thee to me.'

"I cry thee mercy, then, for I did think  
That thou hadst called me all these names.'  
Said she, as in Sir Thomas Semour came.

"He walks like one confounded  
I never saw such shame as his.  
He sues to Edward to let him breathe  
A private man in foreign land,  
And prays 'my lord be good to me!  
Your grace is accounted merciful and kind,  
Let me live in Athens.'

"No sir,' said the king, 'I'll not pardon thee.  
Consenting too't would bark mine honour  
And leave my trunk naked.  
The discoverie of the dishonour  
Of my sister and the corrupt man saved  
Would make all men abhor us.  
Hope thou not. It is impossible.

Darest thou not die ?  
Thou shalt have thy trial ;  
Away with him ! Then without farewell  
Or sign of peace, His Highness did depart  
And leave us to our deep despair.  
You know this miserable gentleman  
Did lose his head and her grace  
For two years' space comes not within the court.  
All this time by the king's command  
Unjust divorce was made of us,  
And I, the penitent instrument,  
Was unto a husband wed.  
But death, that sweet king-killer,  
By divine will cut off King Edward's life,  
And from his slavery we were free.  
But Queen Mary surpass'd him  
In rancorous spight and brought  
The enemies of England from Spain  
To yoke her country's fame to Rome.  
My noble husband with honour fought  
The battle of the people against  
Rome's readiest champions  
And triumphs over the best champion  
That Rome had on English ground ;  
But he never prospered much in life.  
Till the fortunate death of Romish Mary  
Without an heir  
The turn of fortune's wheel  
That first released Elizabeth from prison  
(Where her willful sister for a time confined her)  
And then brought about her coronation,  
Was as unexpected to her grace

As it was to the whole state,  
And generally enchanted  
The ripened men of experience,  
As being proof of the wrath of God  
Against the great evil of popery ;  
For she apparently being so far from England's throne,  
All good men and women of ripe wisdom  
Could not marvel enough  
At the inscrutable wisdom of Almighty God  
In raising her from the life of a subject  
To the crown of England,  
And thought it a proof that this realm,  
Having passed the bitter brunts and blasts  
Of Rome's vengeance, need dread no more  
Storms of fortune nor danger from men ;  
But was now armed against all  
Trouble, mischance, adversity and troublesome tides  
By her majestie's happy coming to the throne ;  
And that she would  
Heal the harms and wipe away the woe  
Brought on by Rome's pope,  
Who promiseth, if necessary, aid of arms  
To Philip, the King of Spain, and husband  
Of our late false queen, to link in marriage  
Nobles of Spain with the first and highest  
Families of the kingdom, and so to  
Bring about a Catholic rule.  
This traitorous device, had it  
Stretched so far as to have been protected  
By the law, would have certainly  
Re-created the nation's body ;  
And the English tongue,

By means of the combination,  
Would in time, by the alteration or restraint,  
Either have been joined with Spain  
To such an extent that books  
Would have to have been written in  
Characters drawn from the language  
Of either nation, to have been read off by  
Each nation, or so mixed that  
Few of either nation could follow  
The motion or sense, or a common  
Language wrought that would have  
Included both. But God was pleased  
To remove Mary without royal issue,  
And in a wonderful manner preserved  
Elizabeth from death, and did likewise  
Reserve her for a great and prosperous fortune.  
The great and puissant King of Spain,  
Thirsting after the kingdom,  
Two days after her coronation  
Maketh offer of his hand to the queen;  
But she, by a most blessed marriage  
With your father, could not  
Be the partner of his throne and bed,  
And the close intercourse  
Between the great English people  
And the adventurers of Spain therefore  
Had to come to an end.  
The foreigners' hopes and expectations were  
That the hand offered by King Philip  
Would be accepted by the queen,  
And that by her marrying him  
Their faction, like the cormorant,

Would be crammed with the viands  
Of this our English table,  
And that they would grow fat  
With the hot digestion of our spent fortunes,  
For manhood and honour sleep  
Under rule of Mary.  
And they did with their finest pallets taste  
Our dearest fruits,  
And consumed in their fathomless greed  
Our rightful heritage by spans and inches,  
And with their spoils enlarged  
The private treasures of their king.  
And they thought to spoil us still,  
As no care of justice, no rule of reason,  
No regard of season, nor no temperance  
Did ever enter in the mind  
Of Spain's king or the Pope of Rome,  
Whom they all count  
Their greatest god and shepherd,  
And into whose breast  
Never crept thought of honour or brave deed.  
Such crafty head as his of Rome  
In all the world was not to be found,  
Save in that soil  
That bred old Nestor, who from the Greeks  
Argive Helen did deliver.  
From forth us all for years these two men  
Our virtues distilléd out  
And our shame was dogged  
With their strange, wicked followers.  
These turbulent, unmanageable,  
Overdaring men

Bear themselves like masters of mankind  
And their pride  
Extends itself even to the brutes  
Which they command.  
And they, as it were,  
The breath of the people  
Who sprang out of this fruitful soil, despise.  
They set before their eyes  
The plumes of pride and wings of vanity,  
And upon that foundation  
As a corner stone build  
A whirlwind or tempest of ambition,  
And from their god on earth  
Received dispensations  
Which served them well  
For the bolstering of their bandy brocade  
And corrupt laws; and they try  
To set on fire and trouble our state  
That they may the better fish  
In muddied waters,  
And for their own good fortunes  
Make good way;  
Wherein they did nearly enough succeed,  
But by divine ordinance  
The life was ended of the author  
Of these evil things; and when she was  
From the world removed,  
The fire, lighted by these servants  
Of the wicked spirits of hell,  
Was shortly quenched by the water  
Of destruction,  
And their friends' and partizans' plots

Were shattered all to pieces ;  
For their opponents and enemies,  
With a view boldly to encounter them,  
First, after their queen's death, seized the lands  
The traitors were possessed of  
And then did quench the wrong-doers  
Of the kingdom by  
The law of attainder.  
This promptness of our noblemen  
Quickly disinherited of their possessions  
The ungrateful flock of Rome,  
And from them wrested  
Each grant which, in the nature of a gift,  
Or by frank marriage, had  
In this company of scabs, vested.  
The base thing of Rome  
Upon her grace poured tempestuous rage  
And in the hot passion of distempered blood  
Did against her bend his holy flail,  
And laid on her his evil bull  
As a spur to heat her foes  
To overthrow her.  
But yet she doth survive to wear the diadem,  
And God, with the virtue of His beauteous rays,  
Doth make this fair land  
As fruitful as the fields  
That with sweet milk and honey overflowed,  
While they have vanished  
And accompany the gasping ghosts  
Which wander round the Stygian fields.  
“ But night hath crept upon our talk  
And we must forbear.

Child, directly get thee hence to bed.

“ The next day as in the library I sat  
Meditating on my birth  
As told me by the queen,  
Robert, that wandering wasp, crept in ;  
And I soon found he came me  
Not to pity, but to misuse and mock.  
The horeson rascall bared his top  
And lowting low, did thus begin to work me spight :

“ Ha, my lord,  
Now are you equal in rank with the best.  
All my services are at your command.  
Will it please your lordship  
To visit my poor house ?  
- I must confess, sir, I could not trust my ears  
When the queen called you her son.  
It would have been better for her not  
To have published your birth,  
Because the birth of a bastard to her is not an honour.  
Good Lord ! why should she relate such a blot  
To her own honour ? I must be content to believe  
You are her child, chiefly for because  
The princess would never have made  
So contemptible a relation of her conduct  
Had it not been true.  
Yet what a May-game hath she made of you !  
How perfectly this mystery  
Has remained undiscovered,  
Appearing now in such a tragical manner.  
Alas ! she has spoiled her honour.  
Nothing can redeem it.  
The court will courtesie and say nothing,

But you, my good Prince of Wales,  
Shall mourn your own mishap.  
I pray you tell me what is your parentage.  
Upon mine honour it is not yet known  
Who your father is.  
There are two opinions about it—  
One that you are the bastard son  
Of Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper ;  
The other, that you are son and heir  
To Leicester. I incline to the latter opinion,  
Chiefly from a villainous trick of your eye  
And a foolish hanging of your nether lip,  
That does warrant me in thinking  
You are son to the queen and Leicester.  
What is your name,  
Francis Bacon, or Francis Dudley ?  
Come, tell me ; are you simply plain sir,  
Or my lord ? May be you do not know  
The kallender of your nativity,  
Nor who begot you ?'

“ As the rascal says this  
My heart was ready to crack with impatience  
And I turned and answer :  
' Sir, I have e'er now been better known to you,  
When, as a little child,  
I have beaten you like a dog,  
And I advise you  
Not to call me bastard  
Or play the flowting jack with me ;  
For though my birth may be mean,  
I hope my fortunes will be great.  
But I care not.

In any case the glory and honour  
Of being son to the Queen of England is enough;  
For by my mother's side, at least,  
I fetch my life from men  
Of royal siege.  
I shall promulgate what I am,  
For such nativity is a favour of the gods;  
While you come from an Italian Jew—  
Yea, from the base rank of all dishonesty—  
And are ashamed t' acknowledge  
The plainness of your ancestor's house.  
And, good sir, you know me, do you not,  
As one who will not allow  
Your vicious jealousy to mar his fortune,  
Nor allow the sacred honour  
Of himself to be questioned  
Without full satisfaction?  
Let me tell you, then, once more  
I will beat your boundless tongue  
Into silence, and to pieces  
Will I break you, if you say  
I am a bastard,  
Or try to deprive me of my good name,  
Or brand me with baseness;  
And though you and your father  
Have by fortune and her highness' favours  
Gone lightly o'er low steps  
And now are mounted  
Where powers are your retainers,  
And your words domestics to serve your wills;  
And though you have your mouth fill'd up  
Before you open it, I care not

And I fear you not, and I will not  
Undergo this sneap without reply.  
I have not got the strength  
To tamely stoop to you,  
Whose heart is cram'd with arrogance,  
Spleen and pride;  
And I tell you, you obscure, lousy Jew,  
I am dangerous !  
I have perused you well,  
And by the great God of Heaven !  
I would rather let my head stoop to the block  
Than stand your open envy and jealousy.  
Suppress your voice  
And let not the passion  
And the private spight of your base heart  
Burst out. Avaunt, you peasant !  
You deformed, perfidious slave !  
You have ever been  
A knave and flatterer, you rogue !  
I know you hate me,  
You dwarfish pygmy ! I will whip  
And cudgel you, base rogue !  
Shall I receive this villainous wrong from you,  
And myself shut up and cloath me  
In a forced content, and, in fine,  
Quite chap-fallen, let you set the table  
On a roar with your gibes, your gambols,  
Your flashes of merriment and your jeering  
At my expense ? Shall I let you depart untouched ?  
Not I. I tell you I will break your neck  
If you mock me ; and for I would be loathe to kill you,  
I pray you leave me."

“By heaven! I mock you not.  
This is but in way of truth, sir:  
I would have the soil of her fair rape wiped off  
In honourable marriage.  
What treason were it to the ravished queen,  
Disgrace and shame to your great worth,  
Now to deliver to the world  
Her mad, brain-sick story?  
I protest if I were you  
I would not excite myself thus.  
Fie! Sir, fie! Is this the nature  
That passion could not shake?  
Come, bear your fortune humbly,  
Like the bastard that you are,  
And come away to your mother.  
I was bid to come for you.  
'Tis three o'clock and your noble mother  
Bid me fetch you within a quarter of an hour.  
Therefore, follow me to the queen.’  
“O, pity, God!  
What further woe conspires against me?”  
“What do you fear? I muse your majesty  
Doth not doff your lion's hide  
And hang a calf's skin on those limbs  
Which uphold so much honour.  
You fool, to brag and stamp and swear and frown  
In vain spite, and faint in unworthy fear  
If her Gracious Majesty doth merely call for your attending.  
But your Highness shall do well  
If you come at once. When kings and queens  
Command, I confess I like not to disobey.  
So, great Sir, let us go. But tell me first,

Are you not Phæton Merops' son?  
And do you not aspire  
To guide the heavenly car,  
And with your daring folly burn the world?  
Will you reach stars because they shine on you?  
Or is it, please your grace, not your fault  
That you resign the supreme seat,  
The throne majestic, the scepter'd office  
Of your ancestors, your state of fortune,  
Your due of birth and the lineal glory  
Of your royal house? You must have patience  
And embrace the load. Courage and comfort:  
All shall yet go well. Is all things ready  
For the royal time? When is the day  
Of your royal coronation? Speak.'  
"And then the villaine laughed.

"I am bound up with such inflaming wrath  
(Whose heat hath this condition;  
It fills mine eyes with tears, and stops my tongue)  
That I stand as in idle speculation.

"'Why dost not speak? Well, since you're tongue tied  
And so loath to speak, why, noble lord,  
Proclaim your thoughts in dumb significance  
To your slave.'

"The manner of the vile outrageous dog  
May not be told, nor how  
His message he delivered.  
I sprang upon him and with a great blow  
I strike him to the ground.  
When he fell I made such havoc  
Of the villaine that hath slandered,  
Scorned and dishonoured me, that

His wounded eyes from the princess  
Could not be hid. It was bad policy to tear him so,  
But you know the inwardness of my injuries,  
And will not think me altogether wrong.  
He deserved punishment.  
He was a villainous and secret contriver  
Against me almost from the day I was born,  
And I was never safe until death returned him to the earth  
From whence he came.  
After I struck him the beast  
Lay like one deceased,  
Senseless and still, if any one  
Came in and saw the wounds upon him,  
And the way his head is rent.  
I knew I would not as famous be by the exploit  
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death,  
And that I would lose honour,  
As, owing to his deformity,  
He would be pitied and excused of every hearer.  
I preferred, therefore,  
No one should find us in quarrel,  
And the key I turn, that no one may enter,  
And said to him  
'Arise, arise; give me thy hand.  
I am sorry I beat thee. Come, shall I raise thee up?'  
Warily he watcheth every way to see what else I will do,  
And once again I tender him my hand.  
Thanks to his strange pride he did fear disgrace,  
And grinding and grating his teeth,  
The monster upstart and himself rousing up,  
The rogue 'twixt each groan said:  
'Damn you! I rather would have lost my life

Than have such base dishonour blur my name ;  
And if I live, I tell you, knave,  
I will be revenged, and England's ground  
Shall not yield you shelter from my wrath.  
I'll not trouble you with words, not I ;  
But I will requite this dishonour  
And be revenged on you. You shall find  
That I that am rudely stamped  
And want love's majesty  
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph—  
I that am curtailed of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world scarce half made up,—  
And that so lamely and unfashionable  
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them—  
I that have no delight to pass away the time,  
Unless to see my shadow in the sun  
And descant on mine own deformity ;  
I that came into the world with my legs forward ;  
I that have neither pity, love nor fear ;  
I who have often heard my mother say  
When that I was born the midwife  
Wondered and the women cried  
O, Jesu bless us ! He is born with teeth !  
And so I was ; which plainly signified  
That I should snarl and bite  
And play the dog.  
I that since the heavens have shaped  
My body so  
Will let hell make crooked my mind  
To answer it.

I that have the spight of wreklful heaven  
Upon me in deadly hate of you, will  
Lay plots and inductions dangerous  
Against you that do offend me.  
I will destroy you, for you are mine enemy.  
O that I were a man to fight with  
You! But beware! for I will sort a  
Pitchy day for you. I will buzz  
Abroad such prophesies that Elizabeth  
Will be fearful of her life, and then  
To purge her fear I'll be your death.  
And for this stroke upon my crest,  
And for this blood of mine, I will  
Not suffer you to sit in England's royal  
Throne. I do know her spirit; I  
Will raze your honour out,  
And this feebled hand  
Shall make you crouch in litter of stable  
Planks, to hug with swine, to seek sweet  
Safety out in vaults and prisons.'

"You presumptuous fool, you dare be easier friends  
With me than fight with me; and remember, you,  
The man that once did sell the lion's skin while  
The beast lived was killed with hunting him.  
I am not afraid of your weak and feeble arm.  
I know you are subtle, false and treacherous,  
And had you been killed when first you  
Did breathe 't would have been better for  
The world, and thus I prophesie:  
That many a thousand which now  
Mistrust no parcell of my fear,  
And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing eye—  
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,  
Orphans for their parents' timeless death,  
Shall rue the hour that ever you were born.  
The owl shriek'd at your birth, an evil sign.  
The night-crow cried, a-boding luckless time.  
Dogs howl'd and hideous tempest shook down trees.  
The raven rook'd her on the chimnie's top  
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung.  
Your mother felt more than a mother's pain,  
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,  
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.  
And as you have said, teeth had you  
In your head when you were born,  
To signify you came to bite the world.  
And if the rest be true that I have heard,  
You came determined to prove a villaine  
And to fright the souls of fearful adversaries.  
But I will make you take the hatch  
And dive like as buckets do in  
Concealéd wells.  
Think you I will thrill and shake  
At your crying, you crow? I gave you  
Chastisement for your unheard sauciness  
And boyish unadviséd speech; and  
Now go hide your carbanado'd face,  
And I beseech you let not one single  
Word of despight reach her majesty,  
Or I will give you repetition of  
Like kind. Keep a good tongue in  
Your head or I will again beat you,  
Like the monster dog that you are.

Mistake me not. If you will curse,  
You rogue, be wise and curse the  
Hebrew stock that in spight put  
Stuff to some she beggar and  
Compounded your grandfather.  
Hence, begone! but while you live  
Keep a good tongue in your head. Repress  
The bastard in your conversation.'

"At this the dog like a drunkard  
Reels, and from forth the room  
He, like a thievish dog, creeps sadly hence.  
As he goes out, more sport I made of him.  
Alas! too late, I found what it was to  
Anger him. I was a fool, an asse, a  
Patched fool, to say what I did before  
Him; for though nature hath given  
Me wit to flout, the goddess Fortune  
Hath not made me the recipient  
Of her gifts, and this unnatural monster  
Cut off her benefits and her gifts.  
I had thought to splinter the broken  
Joint of my reputation and to hold in  
Check my desperate fortune, like  
A gypsie or a juggler; but a man that  
Will wrangle with inferior things,  
Though great ones are his object, hath  
Sounded the bottom of his good fortune,  
And doth whistle the goddess off  
And let her down the wind,  
And leaves himself a prey to fortune's scorn.  
She may, in some cases, be a protectress  
Of her friends and give them alms;

But I, that am misanthropas and hate  
Mankind, fortune hath  
Trode upon and hath left me a  
Distracted and most wretched  
Being, worse than the worst, to wander  
In that labyrinth where Minotaurs  
And ugly treasons lurk.  
Thus many years now I have spent, and  
Worn in basest Fortune's scorn, and  
Mean regardance, doing my  
Country service as I might,  
No less, I dare say, than the proudest wight.  
And still I hope to be upvanded  
For my good parts ; but still it hath  
Mischanced, that as I look,  
I see base souls lifted higher,  
And therefore, no longer hope have I.  
I would not be slack to play my part  
In fortune's pageant,  
But froward fortune still doth follow me,  
And this false fox most kindly play'd  
His part, and with the spight of fortune  
Made me beg ;  
For whatsoever art or  
Mother-wit could work, he put  
In proof. No sly practice, no  
Cunning policy, no counterpoint,  
No reach, no breach that might  
Bring him profit and my heart  
Sorrow, but he sounded,  
For his purpose was to pluck me down ;  
And as he could not pay me in fight

He swallowed his dishonour.

And by pretending the wounds I made upon him  
In my assault came from a fall from his horse,  
He was enabled by not venting his anger in words  
To steep his iron arrow in my heart.

I despised him so much that most  
Cruelly was I hurt by his false hand  
And borrowed face, before I knew  
The devil's envy and malice, and ere I was  
Aware, I was in the cursed cobweb  
Which this shame of nature built  
For my overthrow ; for like the spider he  
Ever lurking closely lay in wait  
How he in any way might into his trap betray me.  
It never crossed my mind that my mother, the queen,  
Would join with such a degenerate being  
To foil her own child, otherwise he could  
Have been circumvented.

It cannot be denied but that Robert was a  
Consummate master of simulation and dissimulation  
And made up entirely of arts, tricks and subtilties,  
Insomuch that nothing was left to nature  
Except what art had approved, transformed  
And made up ; and there appears nothing  
Of artifice, nothing of dissimulation in his false  
Profession of nobility which he did mutter to  
Himself and to the false woman, my mother,  
The great princess, who, with shifting change, wrought  
Me, by his help, fell disgrace,  
And with her own hand  
From the book of honour quite razed out  
My proud titles

And freely bars my title to the throne.  
He overruled and overswayed her with  
Secret art, leading her prisoner in a chain  
That was as strong as tempered steel.  
She obeyed his stronger strength, and  
When he laughed, she laughed.  
And so he had undone me e'er I knew  
Him or his unmatched devices.  
I know if I had chosen to deal less  
Sincerely with the queen, I might easily  
Have corrected and mended the  
Mistakes which did proceed from him,  
For in her angry mind, through his monstrous fictions,  
She did take conceit that when I come  
And set me down to rest  
My chair presents a throne of majesty ;  
And when I set my bonnet on my head  
I fit my forehead for a crown ;  
And when I take my truncheon in my fist  
That a scepter then comes tumbling in my thoughts ;  
And that my dreams are princely,  
All of diadems, mighty, excellent and glorious.  
By hook or crook I must and will have  
Sweet revenge on both.  
Let fortune throw her favours where she list,  
I shall not wear the crown,  
But by the grace of God, methinks  
My glorious genius shall, (e'er I die and fade by nature's  
Changing course) make me  
Co-equal with the princes of the blood ;  
Or at the least  
I will by brain and heart my wretched name

Pluck from hard oblivion, and will chide  
The guilty goddess, Fortune, till I have raised  
My frowning fortunes by my own strong arms  
And myself have firmly fixed  
Where wicked enmity, ruthless fate  
And thwarting strife cannot heave me out.  
My will is with resolution back'd,  
And I will wipe this slavish birth-hour's blot  
From off my name, and after all these sorrows  
Place myself above the reproach of  
Pride and cruelty.. God knows  
What more hard task heaven will cast upon my head !  
But though my project may deceive me,  
My intents are fixed, and I'll with rough,  
Unable pen, shew this prodigious story of my  
Father and my mother."

"There's little can be said in 't to your honour.  
'T is against the rule of nature  
To accuse your mother's virginity.  
You should be buried out of all  
Sanctified limits as a desperate  
Offender against nature.  
What boots it to weep, my lord,  
When all is chanced ?  
Th' eternal Maker had need of you  
In the world his continual course to keep,  
And thy irrevocable destiny cannot be wett,  
For God's dear love is not so wilful bent.  
The poisoned fountain clears itself again ;  
And why cannot you from this compelléd stain ?  
Steep not your heart in such dew of lamentation,  
But kneel with me and bear your part.

If your faith was placed  
Without remove upon the cross  
Your misfortunes would be forgot.  
In what a lamentable case were you  
If nature had not given you wisdom's lore.  
Do honour, therefore, to the memory of God.  
Call upon Him  
That by His celestial strength doth rule  
The peasant and the prince.  
In vain he seeketh others to surpress  
Who hath not learned himself first to subdue.  
What glory is there in a throne  
Compared to content? "

    " Well said, my lord ;  
I am well instructed.  
Grant me, then, ah ! dearest God,  
That I be not defoul'd when I am dead.  
I that am born son of a great queen,  
I entreat Thee  
Put away proud look and usage stern  
And flame forth  
Fame and honour in my breast,  
And take the blot and blemish  
Off my name.  
Justify my force of mind and genius,  
That men may see  
The wicked measure of the minds  
That changed  
My fair, glorious and happy fortune  
To obscure, foul, defiléd shame ;  
And I beseech Thee, God,  
To fight this deforméd devil,

That he with odds  
Of so unequall match opprest  
Shall curse the day that he  
By secret cunning  
Crossed my glory from Thy volume's leaves. Amen!  
And since you spoke of content,  
I have been studying how to compare  
This soul-prison where I live unto the world;  
And for, because the world is populous,  
And here is not a creature but myself,  
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer 't out.  
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,  
My soul the father, and these two beget  
A generation of still breeding thoughts,  
And with these same thoughts people this little world  
In counterfeit humours like the people of this world;  
For no thought is contented. The better sort  
As thoughts of things divine are intermixt  
With scruples and do set the faith itself  
Against the faith, as thus  
Come little ones: and then again  
It is as hard to come as for a camel  
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.  
Thoughts, tending to ambition, they do plot  
Unlikely wonders how these vain, weak nailes  
May teare a passage through the flinty ribbes  
Of this hard world, my rugged prison walls;  
And for they cannot, die, in their own pride.  
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves  
That they are not the first of Fortune's slaves,  
Nor shall not be the last, like silly beggars  
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame

That many have, and others must sit there ;  
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back  
Of such as have before indured the like.  
Thus play I in one prison many people,  
And none contented. Sometimes am I king.  
Then treason makes we wish myself a beggar ;  
And so I am. Then crushing penurie  
Persuades me I was better when a king.  
Then am I king'd again, and by and by  
Think that I am unking'd again by James,  
And straight am nothing. But whate'er I am  
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,  
With nothing shall be pleased till he be eased  
With being nothing. But methinks  
In your face I see that this tarrying  
O'er such babbling prattle to you  
Is very tedious ; and no doubt,  
My honoured friend, you will say  
I am a want-wit and something to wildly speak ;  
So let me go on and tell my story.  
But by two-headed Janus,  
Had you the cue to passion that I have  
You would not laugh and leap  
And say that you were merry.  
Think but upon my griefs.  
Did they not sometimes cry 'All hail!' to me ?  
So Judas did to Christ. But he in twelve  
Found truth in all but one. I, in twelve thousand, none  
When the nobles and princes me deposed.  
God save the king ! Will no man say amen ?  
God save the king ! Although I be not he,

And yet amen if heaven do think him me."

"Believe me, sir, I should questionless be sad  
And I might pray to the Divine Judge  
For his destruction. But pardon me,  
Say where, when and how wert thou deposed.  
Why dost thou say the English peers  
Did hail thee royal prince?"

"You are a noble gentleman.  
The rehearsal of the queen's death  
Must be told before I answer you.  
I know very well I will be like to procure  
Blame and censure from the world for  
Bringing it in at this point of the history;  
But I have chosen this as the fittest  
Place and time to bring upon the stage  
Her strange and tragic death,  
Since the disproportioned son of hell  
That plucked down my honour, 'tis reported,  
Deprived her of life and stopped her breath."

"I never may believe these antic fables,  
Nor these fairy toyes. I think th' art mad,  
Or mean to drive me mad.  
God shield you mean it not; it cannot be.  
You hate the man, and will but have  
Foolish and childish revenge on him.  
You go too far if you tell less than the truth,  
And a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds  
green,  
Which otherwise would heal and do well.  
And as revenge is a kind of wild justice,  
The more any man's nature runs to it  
The more ought the law to weed it out;

For as for the first wrong it doth but offend the law,  
But the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office.  
And Solomon, I am sure, saith  
'It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence.'  
That which is past and gone is irrevocable,  
And wise men have enough to do  
With things present and to come  
Without seeking revenge for injury or insolence.  
And surely they that labour in past matters  
Do but trifle with themselves. Continuing the same  
They are no longer fit men to believe.  
They do not discover when things have a period,  
But make a perpetual bias of their wits  
And turn and change their course according  
To their conceits. But by exposition of their  
Slender matter; they foil themselves  
And win little commendation from men.  
If a man takes so much delight in revenge  
As you seem to do cherishing this man's  
Weakness, defects, disgraces, and in hot pursuit  
Taxing him with murder, you will find stern readers  
And suspicious followers.  
The spirit of Job was in better tune.  
'Shall we' (saith he) 'take good at God's hands  
And not be content to take evil also?'  
And vindictive persons live the life of witches  
Who, as they are mischievous,  
So end they infortunate; and yet those  
That are conversant with poets know imagination  
(Which is the shop wherein all their actions are forged)  
Oftentimes doth alter the best poet's virtues,  
And that they attain to great vanity

By exclusion of the blessed truth.  
They write in perpetual allegory,  
And imperfectly shadow forth the deepest things  
In their poems, and seek to frame  
The fruition of their thoughts in rhyming measures,  
And do wax, according to their nature,  
Stiff, conceited or opinionated;  
And to make an act of tragic violence  
Out of a comedy they colour truth;  
And as a mixture of a lie  
Doth ever add pleasure in the masks and triumphs of the  
world,  
Doth any man doubt but that all poets  
Take advantage of the truth and labour  
(Through corrupt but natural lies)  
For the vain opinions, flattering hopes  
And false valuations of men's minds?  
They often feel a world of restless cares  
And their imagination breaks seasons  
And reposing hours, makes the night morning  
And the noon-tide night. And this  
Most foul, strange and unnatural  
Story has nothing more than your  
Word to endow it with truth.  
This same truth is naked, and in open daylight  
Doth not show half so stately and daintily  
As by candlelight; and though truth  
May perhaps come to the price of a pearl  
That sheweth best by day,  
To the price of a diamond or carbunkle it will not rise  
That sheweth best in varied lights.  
The mixture of falsehood for revenge

Is like alloy in coin of gold or silver,  
Which may make the metal work the better, but it  
embaseth it.

The winding and crooked courses that sweep to revenge  
Are the goings of the serpent, which goeth  
Basely upon the belly and not upon the feet.  
There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame  
As to be found false and perfidious ;  
And therefore Mountigny saith pretily :  
When he enquired the reason why the word of the lie  
Should be such a disgrace  
And such an odious charge, said he :  
' If it be well weighed to say that a man lieth,  
Is as much as to say as that he is brave  
Towards God and a coward towards man.'  
For a lie faces God and shrinks from man.  
And, my lord, one of the fathers in great severity  
Called poesie '*vinum dæmonum*' because  
It filleth the imagination ; and yet it is but  
The shadow of a lie, and since it is not  
The lie that passeth through the mind,  
But the lie that sinketh in that doth the hurt,  
Beware of being carried by an excess of  
Envy or spirit of revenge beyond the point of reason ;  
For revenge is a two-edgéd sword that cuts  
Its master's hand. I know poets,  
Lovers and madmen have such  
Seething brains, such shaping phantasies,  
That they apprehend more than cool reason  
Ever apprehends ; but, my lord,  
Weigh what loss your honour may sustain  
If with too credit ear I list your tale.

Tie your tongue therefore to truth  
And go not about to tell me what  
You have suspected. If it be you have found a goodly clue,  
Why disclose it to the world;  
But if it is but the proclamation of your passions,  
Speak it not, for I confess the state of your passions  
Has appeached your truth."

"Sir, you do advise me even as mine  
Own course hath set down.  
I'll give no blemish to mine honour that  
I can help, and I have, my lord,  
No need of spur to prick the sides of my intent,  
As I was her kinsman, and her subject.  
I know the lunatick, the lover and the poet  
Are of imagination all compact.  
One sees more devils than vastie hell can hold.  
That is the madman.  
The lover, all as frantic, sees Helen's  
Beauty in a brow of Egypt.  
The poet's eye in fine frenzy rolling  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,  
And as imagination bodies forth the form of things  
Unknown, the poet's pen turns them to shapes  
And gives to airy nothings a local habitation  
And a name.  
Such trick hath strong imagination that  
If it would apprehend some joy  
It comprehends some bringer of that joy.  
Or in the night, imagining some fear,  
How easie is a bush supposed a bear.  
True is it also that all sense is gross,  
And that the human mind is prone

To errors, and when it takes note  
Of trivial things doth dearly love  
To crack the wind of some poor phrase,  
And as the mind receives impressions through  
The many colored iris that rounds the eye,  
As an uneven mirror it distorts  
The rays of objects according to its own thoughts,  
And so mixes up its own meditation  
With the things unseen, that the sense  
Cannot be trusted to report them truly.  
But I contrive that the office of the sense  
Shall be only to judge of the history,  
And that the history itself shall judge of the truth ;  
And thus I conceive  
That I perform the office of a true priest of the sense.  
I will not give a malignant nor  
Imaginative history, as I care more  
For the truth than for revenge.  
'Tis a fault to heaven, a fault against the dead,  
A fault to reason, to nature, if 't is writ down untrue.  
Therefore, I mean only to write a true history  
Of this most foul murder of the queen,  
Her nature, natural passions, and  
Death scene, so far as I have been able  
To discover it, or them.  
I have besides thought it my duty to  
Keep myself under constraint  
And go to facts themselves for everything  
Which pertains to the matter,  
So far as the case will admit.  
I utterly reject and condemn  
The things that one friend has from

Another heard, because particular history  
Must be not table-talk, but trustworthy  
And certain; and as narratives by  
Succession of relation are by the  
Deviations of memory entirely changed  
And turned into fable, I do not give  
Much weight to those things  
Which I have not actually perceived  
Or heard from the actors.  
I have lived at court since I was a child;  
Consequently, in my opinion, I must needs be  
A perfect interpreter of the government  
And policy of the court.  
But time is flying —  
Time which cannot be retrieved —  
And I must again begin.

“One of the queen’s fair ladies divulged  
To me the mystery of her death and the  
Dirty part played by this accursed deformed devil  
In her assassination.  
Cecil was a most skilfull carpenter  
Of his own fortune, and as he raised  
The structure by means of natural falseness,  
And strengthened it with safeguards  
Of simulation, he prospered in everything  
He undertook and did overbear  
The reason of the queen, who  
In dissimulation was no match for him.  
The great advantages of simulation are three:  
First, to lay asleep opposition and surprise;  
For where a man’s intentions are published,  
It is an alarm to call up all that are against him.

The second is, to reserve to a man's self a fair retreat;  
By a manifest declaration he must go through or take a fall.  
The third is, the better to discover the mind of another;  
For to him that opens himself men will hardly  
Show themselves adverse, but will (fair) let him  
Go on and turn their freedom of speech to  
Freedom of thought. And he, Robert, by his silence  
As by his speech (swaying the balance on  
Either side) spread abroad the opinion that  
He was a man of good faith and clearness of dealing.  
He had also the boldness which a man  
Assuredly needs to disguise his dissimulation,  
And as he saw that there is in human nature generally  
More of the fool than of the wise,  
He never shewed any bashfulness  
Except when he assumed it on purpose  
To preserve himself from the nobles and  
Great persons who wished to impeach him.  
This boldness was so fashioned as neither  
To bring him into suspicion nor to make  
Him intollerable. He had by nature  
The disposition of the Spaniard, which  
Maketh him practice dissimulation by way of  
Discovery. That is, he would (as their good  
Shrewd proverb hath it) 'tell a lie and find a truth,  
From which he derived a double advantage:—  
First, that he was thought less politic than he was, and  
Secondly, it perplexeth them that co-operate with him.  
His aim both by nature and principle was  
To be eminent among great men and to  
Command among followers. He chose therefore  
For his friends men that were mountebanks

And of mean condition, but industrious and active,  
To whom he might be all in all.  
Herein he did differ from his wise father,  
The Lord Treasurer Burleigh, who  
Was not over hasty in using ill-natured  
And ill-taught men, and who in whatever state  
He had been born would have made himself a fortune.  
But Robert was superficial  
And had the virtue of a player that doth  
Fascinate and bind hand and foot those  
That are either shallow in judgement  
Or weak in courage (which are the greater part)  
Rather than the noble parts of mind  
That prevaieth with wise men.  
Men of this order, though keen in style,  
Are poor in judgement and partial in feeling,  
And are no faithful witnesses as to the real  
Passage of business; nevertheless  
He one way or another waxed great in  
Authority and wealth, and was  
Trusted in rare matters wherein  
He had neither the power nor the dignity  
To uphold the honour, fame and reputation  
Of the realm, when those more able ministers  
And great officers, who had before  
Handled the helm of government  
And were acquainted with the  
Difficulties and mysteries of  
State business were set aside.  
When danger pressed him he devised sports  
(As hunting, hawking, races and the like)  
For the queen, and openly made love to her.

She allowed herself to be wooed and courted by him,  
And it was noted that she even liked it and  
Continued it beyond the natural age for  
Such vanities. He had the license of a jester,  
Came to her in private, and from the beginning  
Pleased her by the praises which he did  
Aptly insinuate in his conversation,  
Rather than by the excellency of his observances.  
She was disposed to admiration  
And excess of praise, and was not a little moved,  
According to my most humble judgement,  
By any one that managed to praise her  
Virtue, justice and masculine life.  
She was spoiled by power and long reigning,  
For, for forty-four years she reigned; and  
Though she was not as princes brought up  
In the reigning house commonly are spoiled by  
The indulgence and licenses of her  
Education and the assured expectation  
Of succeeding to the throne, yet  
Such long continuance of control of affairs  
And the handling of the reigns of government  
(She being but twenty-five years old,  
The age at which guardianship ceases,  
When she began to reign, and  
Continued reigning till her seventieth year)  
Made her arrogant and impatient  
Of obeying the wise men of the nation.  
She could not live without some note  
Being taken of her excellency and felicity  
Among men, and as she never experienced  
Either the disadvantages and subjection

To other men's wills incident to a ward,  
Nor the inconveniences of a lingering  
And impotent old age, she thought  
She could not outlive her felicity.  
She was not in her nature moderate  
Either in disposition or virtue.  
She passed her life in pleasures,  
Admiration, dalliances  
Of another kind of no very high order,  
Admiration of her own prudence  
And good management, which detracted  
From her fame and majesty and  
Sensibly weakened her power and  
Hindered her business. Worship of her  
Virtue, wisdom and person was so  
Agreeable to her that those who attended her  
Found it was the best possible way  
To enter into her good graces; for she loved  
Admiration above safety, and not unfrequently  
Allowed it to interfere with the public fortune,  
And so blunted the law's edge to maintain  
Those toys who admired her person,  
Her foresight, clemency and all that belonged to herself,  
That there was daily execution of prisoners,  
Who were without the least scruple  
Capitally punished whenever the least occasion  
Presented for the exercise of her power.  
Men were through the cowardly craft  
Of those in favor made captive,  
And from fear of the law no man  
Did question or give opinion touching the same,  
Or presume to think that they that

Died by law could have been butchered wrongfully.  
They that thought the contrary (as no  
Doubt some persons did) uttered it not.  
All men's mouths were closed by their own danger,  
And the deepest and most prudent subjects of the land  
Passed over the shame and dishonour  
Of her moral vices in silence, and  
Set it down as a maxim not to tell another of their thoughts  
Touching the princess or her moral character.  
She wished to appear as if she hated  
The appearance even of inconstancy and  
Amourous admiration, and I remember  
A circumstance in point. Having ordered  
A letter to be written to her ambassador  
Concerning a message which was to be given  
Separately to the queen mother of the Valois,  
And finding that her secretary had  
Inserted a clause directing the ambassador  
To say to the queen mother, by way of compliment,  
That they were two queens from whom,  
Though women, no less was expected in  
Administration of affairs and in the virtue  
And arts of government than from the  
Greatest men—She would not  
Endure the comparison, but  
Ordered it to be struck out, saying  
That the arts and principles which she  
Employed in governing were of a far  
Other sort than those of the queen mother,  
Who allowed lewdness and dishonour  
In her court and institutions,  
To the great dishonour of christendom.

She was perhaps the most singular being  
That till this day this island did produce,  
As there was in her such a variation of nature. .  
She was not only wise in the laws of the country  
And of a high spirit in the business of the crown,  
But was besides both little and mean,  
Insomuch that she commonly restrained  
The course and proceedings of her ministers  
And servants, for fear they would  
Over-top and overshadow her ;  
And to the last day of her life  
Ascribeth all successes to her own  
Particular drifts and reaches,  
And all accidents to their errors  
And sleepings ; and would flame and blaze  
Upon the least opposition, for which  
Cause the wise men of the empire  
Either did not give counsel in matters of state,  
Or else gave it with great sluggishness  
And backwardness, framing their speech  
In so intangible a manner that it appears not  
Plainly by their remarks what kind of  
Principles they at first advance.  
By degrees they open the matter with  
Commonplace observations and commemorations .  
Of virtue unworthy of a princess.  
One shows a tender respect for her name and honour,  
And bestows upon her admiration and  
Respect of her abilities and virtues.  
Another will remark that he has the  
Greatest solicitude to please her and  
Will begin :

'Most fortunate and fair queen, on whose head  
Wisdom hath laid her crown and in whose hands  
Justice hath left her ballance and her sword,  
Vouchsafe to hear and judge a country controversy;  
For there is as great equity in defending of  
Poor men's onions as of rich men's lands;  
And as you are she of whom Sybilla spake,  
The miracle of time and nature's glory,  
Vouchsafe to pity this 'plaint of your poor beadsman.  
I call myself indeed a chaperon of this gardener,  
And I boast of the fortune that most  
Luckily assigned me, the meanest of your  
Assembled family, to defend this humble man.  
Seeing that your majesty hath that that  
Baser souls, not knowing, cannot affect—  
Sage, grave and wise counsel and  
Complete felicity,—and here of this felicity  
I propose to say something without  
Wandering into praises of so rare a queen.  
For praise is the tribute of men;  
Felicity the gift of God; but in order  
To give the peculiar beauty and appropriate  
Lustre of your highness, I should be such  
A perfect orator or pleader as Cicero,  
And not a prince or courtier; for if I  
Should enter into your praises, whether  
Moral or political, I should fall into  
Subjects requiring a richer vein of wit than  
I have. Thus much I have said in few words  
According to my ability; but the truth is  
That the only true commander of this lady  
Is time, which, so long a course

As it has run, has produced nothing  
In this sex like her for the administration  
Either of civil affairs or in the perfection  
Of the mould nature hath used in  
Putting together the rarest thing of all.  
For if viewed indulgently her beauty  
Is much like the accounts we find  
In romances of the queen in the  
Blessed Isles. The government of a woman  
Has been a rare thing at all times,  
Felicity in such government a rarer thing;  
Yet this queen, because of her salutary  
Counsels, is strong and fresh both  
In the mouths and minds of men.  
There are some times so barbarous and ignorant  
That it is as easy a matter to govern men  
As to drive a flock of sheep ;  
But the lot of this queen hath fallen  
Upon times highly instructed and cultivated,  
In which it is not possible to be eminent  
And excellent without the greatest gifts of mind  
And a singular composition of virtue.  
Nor must it be forgotten withal  
What kind of people she hath been  
Called to rule over. Had she  
Reigned over Palmyrenes or in an  
Unwarlike and effeminate country,  
Like Asia, the wonder would be less ;  
But the reputation of England for arms  
And military powers being great,  
The honour of keeping both our  
Nation in full vigor of its

Warlike virtues and its fame  
And honour in full, is the best instance  
That this tabernacle of virtuous dignity  
Was by God destined from birth for a kingdom.  
Again the reigns of women are  
Commonly obscured by marriage,  
Their praises and actions passing to the  
Credit of their husbands,—whereas those  
That continue unmarried have their glory entire  
And proper to themselves. In her case  
This is especially so, inasmuch as  
She has no help to lean upon in  
Her government except such as  
She herself has provided ;—  
No own brother, no uncle, no kinsman  
Of the royal family, to share her cares  
And support her authority. But  
I must not run into the history  
Of her life, but conclude my task.

“ ‘This poor man came to me full sore  
Distressed through the grudge of  
The youngest son of the honourable old man  
(Whom God bless with as many years and  
Virtues as there be of him conceived  
Hopes and wishes) who lives  
Some four miles hence well  
Worthy of so honourable a place.  
This young loach spares not the garden  
Of this poor man, but on the contrary  
With his beautiful violets and primroses  
(Whose beauty shineth as the morning clear)  
Hath made free, and from the

Very sowing of the seeds he doth  
Devise calamity for this poor mole-catcher.  
I told him our princely sovereign was well  
Lettered and discreet, and that by fate's  
And fortune's good aspect, she (in these  
Unhappy times when the kingdom is  
With intestine faction on  
Account of religion labouring) was  
Raised to sit upon her kingly father's seat  
And wear in honour England's kingly diadem ;  
To sway that massy scepter and that sword  
That awed the world in his triumphant hand,  
And now in her's commands the enemy,  
And with dishonour drives the daring foe  
Back to his den, tired with  
Successless arms, wearied with wars  
By land and wrack by sea ;  
And that under her we live in safety  
And she in honour reigns over us.  
So may she long and ever may she do,  
Untouched by traitorous hand or treacherous foe.'

“ At this, Northumberland or Worcester 'gin  
To frown, and in admirable fooling,  
Would him challenge thus :  
'Not so fast, sweet sir, soft, soft.  
This miracle and queen of gems  
Is not at the beck of every man who is  
Overwrought by his neighbours, because  
The cares of government ought to be  
Distinguished from these viler sort of cases.  
This should be referred to the learned magistrates,  
And not to the princess, when other things

Of greater weight to the state are left  
For want of time to low and vulgar men.  
Therefore, thou shouldst not have spoke on't.  
She is the blossom and grace of courtesey,  
And (standing as she does, as a shield  
And stronghold of defense against  
The formidable and overbearing ambition  
Of Spain), her reason's reach and  
Honour's height have set the world at gaze,  
For wonders such as she doth possess  
Transcend remembrance's golden register  
And recommend to times eternity;  
For sealed up in the treasures of her heart  
That freed is from Cupid's yoke by fate  
Is peerless wisdom and majesty.  
Yet, would you have her judge this simple thing.  
If you will consult her majesty, ask her  
To help us, through the luster and glory  
Of her noble mind, in escaping or defeating  
The forces of the enemy of England's peace;  
For matter of war is nowise wanting.  
It is not to monks or closet penmen  
That we are to look for guidance  
In such a case, but to this memorable  
Person among princes, she who is ever  
Occupied in the study of this commonwealth's  
Advancement, to improve our utility  
As did the emperors of Græcia.  
And we know there hath not been since  
Christ's time any king or temporal monarch  
Who hath been so much a king  
As this fortunate woman—

Fortunate in her victory, for when  
That Spanish fleet, got up with so much  
Travail and ferment, came ploughing  
Into our channels, by her forces  
And her counsels combined she  
Kept it under, and it never took  
So much as a cock-boat at sea ;  
Never fired so much as a cottage on the land ;  
Never even touched the shore ;  
But was first beaten in a battle  
And then dispersed and wasted  
In a miserable flight, with many  
Shipwrecks, while on the ground and  
Territories of England conspicuous  
Peace was not only maintained by her,  
But she sent naval expeditions both  
To the low countries of France, to  
Scotland, to Portugal and to harass  
The courts of Spain ; and dispatched  
Fleets also to the Indies, some of which  
Sailed round the globe.

A womanish people might well enough  
Be governed by a woman, but that  
A nation particularly fierce and warlike  
Can be ruled over by a woman is indeed  
A matter for the highest admiration.

Blessed be God !

That hath lent us such a gracious,  
Learned, valiant and stainless queen !  
Beshrew me, but I do hold her higher  
In intellectual matters than any king  
Born in the past or present.

And for her gift of speech I call to mind what  
Cornelius Tacitus saith of Augustus Cæsar  
That his style of speech was flowing and princelike ;  
And her own native and original notions  
Are proof she doth strenuously and diligently  
Revolve and revise the subject, and doth not  
Take hold in a superficial way  
Of any matter of consequence.'

“ After these flourishes and enhancements of her virtue,  
They were rewarded by her majesty,  
Who would then enter into the matter.  
I mention all this for an example to show  
How the deep schemers among the statesmen  
And deeper wits have to present their opinions  
On matters of state—  
No very difficult task if a man  
Will skilfully mix and interlace his several kinds  
Of business, but as their time  
Was so much occupied with other things,  
As troublesome and turbulent quarrels,  
Jealousies and emulations, the affairs  
Of government were, it must be admitted,  
Commonly trusted to any man  
That made pretense of just deliberation  
And decision. The ablest persons, moreover,  
Would not row against the stream,  
Regarding it too laborious to perform public duty  
Without a certain assurance of advancement  
In life, which Elizabeth was adverse  
To giving unto persons of great learning.  
Nay, to have such fountain of learning  
In himself were enough to cause his credit

To give place with her. Thus men of learning,  
Because they saw no hope of reputation,  
Very rarely delivered their knowledge,  
Excepting only that grand man,  
Sir Nicholas Bacon, who died  
In the height of his prosperity.  
He did not deceive her, nevertheless,  
By a kind of necessity she kept him  
From the beginning of her reign  
To the end of his life near her person.  
Not many days after she came to the throne  
The priests aimed at her life ;  
And though they were in the happiest manner  
Both detected and defeated, yet  
The treacherous attempt of the conspirators  
Kept her ever after in the highest degree  
Of fear. The sound of a strange step  
About her inspired her with such terrors  
That her life was made thereby more alarmed  
Or anxious than any person's I ever saw.  
Indeed, if a man presented her with a petition,  
It revived her terror and expectation of death ;  
And she was wont  
To have the man beaten by the soldiers,  
And then sent away howling to the empty air—  
An act sufficient  
To have aroused indignation and rebellion  
In any but a servile people.  
If he persevered, pressed and demanded  
The course of justice, she would say ' what is this ?  
Perhaps, as happened to Julius Cæsar and others,  
I shall fall in a tumult by the persons

I account my friends, and whom I  
Have raised to honour.'  
This could not but make the courtiers  
Troubled and doubtful even if, indeed,  
It did not set them on to new conspiracies,  
Not from any inclination to shed blood,  
But to relieve themselves by her death  
From the assertion of dishonour  
Which proceeded from her embittered mind,  
That, ever swelling with the sense of impending misfortune  
And inglorious death, kept her in  
A constant state of suspicion.  
She was sustained and nourished  
In those lighter points of character  
I have described by the men who  
Swayed and controlled her, and,  
As she was by nature  
Extremely prone to both anger and suspicion,  
And violent in both, no one escaped censure.  
There was not a more suspicious woman,  
Nor a more fearful ; nor at times a more stout  
In all England, than Elizabeth.  
And in such a composition power  
Could do no small hurt ; and as she  
Experienced in her youth the vicissitudes of fortune,  
Having come to the kingdom  
Through several stages of discipline,  
Having passed (though not suddenly) from the prison  
To the throne, and first disinherited,  
Afterwards superceeded, then imprisoned  
And then restored to liberty,  
And at last quietly raised to the sovereignty,

She was naturally fearful of evil;  
And as there is nothing makes a woman suspect  
Much more than to know little,  
And because of the feeling of suspicion,  
So deeply seated in her nature,  
She always suspected defects and base natures  
In men, and artificially nourished  
By the tales and whisperings of others,  
Never limited or confined her anger, but contrarywise  
Was wont to be angry upon the least suspicion,  
Heaping unexpected contempt on all till at last  
The stoutest natures not only did  
Pray for her death, but continually regarded it  
As the crown and consummation of felicity.  
When, therefore, she was said  
To have been struck with paralysis  
And tormented with the pain-pangs of death,  
None of the court but accounted it a blessing.  
In her last illness the symptoms were frightful,  
And for a few days before her death,  
By reason of the exceeding dryness of her body,  
Wasted as it was with corruption and  
Dishonour of nature, she did rot and crack open,  
The sheets being spotted with the blood  
That did sully their whiteness and purity.  
Her loathesome blood  
Did turn to an infected jelly,  
And her retinue, for fear of infection,  
When they stand in presence, speak but few words,  
And with mutual invitations, entertainments,  
Feastings, and disports devise means  
To keep away from court.

They hope for her death  
And make preparation for her successor,  
And meditate on and devise plots  
To advance their fortunes and  
To assail the fortunes of others.  
I cannot blame them, because  
They did shun her company ;  
For she muddied her cloathes  
And would not have fresher raiment put upon her,  
Therefore she did smell so strongly  
That the dullest nostril  
Durst not tempt the stink.  
Her women, when they waited upon her,  
Carefully stuffed their noses with fine wool,  
Or stop the nose with the hand  
And drench'd themselves with the odour  
Of muscat or civit. The unclean smell  
Almost destroyed the energy of the gentle ladies.  
A certain courtier who did encounter me, said :  
'Foh ! she doth smell like a close-stool,  
And her breath is too strong for any one to stand.'  
And he said further her stinking breath  
Made him so sick he was inclined to vomit,  
And that he did not dare to come near her,  
For he becomes melancholy  
When he sees her natural depravity  
And malignant disposition.  
That her rage at death was so odious  
And vain, he believes the queen  
Is worse than an infidel,  
And that at last her soul would peradventure  
Sink down to the shades of deep Avernus' crags ;

And that at first she moped  
And was dull, sad, austere, disheartened,  
Dejected and the like ; and many times  
Would deride or laugh to scorn  
The sacred ministers of heaven.  
And when the reverend and learned men  
Point out the ways of love,  
She would desire them  
To mind their own business,  
'For,' says she, 'it is too late  
For such foolish toys and solicitous courtesies.  
I cannot get any good gain or profit  
By such Christian religion ;  
For this love of God is but a dream  
Of the imagination, and I say  
I will not be so childish, timorous  
Or bashful as to believe such absurd conceits.  
As if we who are princes and potentates  
Wake from our sleep as others, that are  
Our beggarly followers, in darkness !'  
And with such confidence of divine favour  
She remained unshaken and undisturbed  
Almost to the end ; but at last  
The intollerable pain which came to her  
Bereft her of dignity, and the fear of death  
Disfurnished her wholly of heroicall spirits ;  
And she drove her gentlewomen away  
And did damn and curse them  
Till she lost speech. And that after her powers  
Of speech were lost she retained  
Her power of motion, only  
Somewhat slower and duller ;

And when any one comes to her,  
Covering her head with her robe,  
As abhorring all company and light ;  
And that her stiffness did increase in spite  
Of her continual motion ; and how  
The other dread symptoms of body and mind  
Must needs aggravate her disease ;  
And that she drew in air  
With a hissing noise,  
After the manner of serpents ;  
And like an envenomed serpent,  
Which hath neither teeth, nor sting,  
Nor venom, nor wreath, nor folds,  
She lay biting at all who came near her ;  
And that her burning eye balls  
Did retain their heat and lent her frantic face  
The look of a ravenous tiger ;  
And that she would receive no sustenance,  
And was never refreshed with wine  
Or a more generous diet, least  
She should be poisoned and killed  
By her women.  
'By and by,' said he, 'her frail nature  
Will not hold out  
And the queen will be no more.'

" 'True sir,' said I, 'I do well believe  
The princess is near her end ;  
I humbly thank your highness  
For your information, and pass on.'

" At the end her death was miserable,  
Terrible and revolting to human nature,  
In that her melancholy desire of life

And impatience of sickness  
Wore the appearance of lunacy."

" 'Stay a little, your lordship.  
I think you mentioned that Cecil  
Rid her of life. Hasten on to the account.'

"Come, come sir !  
It is unseasonable and puerile hurry  
To snatch at the first apple  
That comes within reach ;  
For though it be true that this beast,  
By the suffrance of the highest King of kings,  
By the skilfull use of poison did disable her,  
And then by violent means bereft her of life.  
Yet I must beseech you to follow everything  
In the straight course.  
It is natural that the selection of the variety  
Of matter about the keys : FORTUNE, NATURE,  
HONOUR and REPUTATION, from the beginning to  
the end,  
Is a vexation to the interpreter ; but were it  
Still more laborious I must work in my own way,  
Even though I may be considered perverse  
By the mass of men.  
I recount the enormities that in court  
Continually hove (and some part of which  
I did see) as best I can ; but, my friend,  
I hope it is possible to pass safely and  
Not to be found out, by the nature of the material.  
And if any man shall think it cowardly-wise  
To exercise this deception of the senses,  
I call him a fool absolute. Indeed  
He is spoiled by vain philosophy, or is

An emperic, confident and adventurous fool.  
For if the mysteries of these curious letters  
Could be found out at the first view,  
The man to whom I have referred within  
The circle of these narratives would  
Not only reveal them to King James,  
But would himself labour to give me  
A crown of martyrdom.  
He is held in great estimation by the king,  
Who is extremely jealous of me, and  
Is afraid the day will come that I  
Will fall between his titles and  
Take the throne; therefore, to save myself,  
I have observed these differing unities  
In manner of a mask and am fain  
(As rated spaniel takes his burden up for fear)  
By carefully dissembling to hide the history  
From observation of the general world,  
Concealing it in foundations deep, for  
This huge chaos of good and evil is enclosed  
Like the evils locked long time in store  
That Pandora let from her depart;  
And if I were known to have displayed  
How her light was dimmed  
By this most beastly company  
I would be in great danger,  
If not assured of death.  
I would be rewarded with a gibbet for  
The history I have disguised in them;  
Or in the land I would be seen no more,  
As I (if I were betrayed)  
Would bewail my cruel destiny

In some private cell,  
Restrained and subdued by powerful chains ;  
Or banished into a solitary island  
(Ready to bite my lip or mine own heart devour)  
To die of hunger.

Therefore, though I break the order of time,  
To draw it down I have a purpose ;  
And in recompilement of my work  
Mine own general laws must not  
Be laid aside by your honor.  
But I pray you pardon me.

To return to the queen :

“There are two excrescences which grow upon trees,  
Both of the nature of mush-rooms, which,  
If they be put into the blood,  
From the quickening and exciting of the natural heat,  
Corrupteth it, and kill the nourishment of the frame.  
There is also an herb, the wild aconitum,  
That liveth in the shadow, and which is  
Present in every cottage (for by the people  
It is esteemed as a medicine) and which,  
If a man eat of it, will trammell up  
The spirits. It is such a corrosive and deadly poison  
That gnats, flies, insects and  
Small birds that drink of the clammy and viscous moisture  
(Which in the summer is found in abundance  
In the joints or knuckles of the plants)  
Turn giddy, and after long turning round  
Fall into the plant.  
They are poisoned the very instant  
They drink the moisture. The vapour  
Will also cause them to fly round and round.

He, Robert, took these and a number of  
Other subtle plants and herbs  
(One being the moss that adheres to the cedar  
And which is a kind of mould)  
That he found growing in the wood,  
And by artificial separation distilled  
Enough of their natural oils and juices  
To set her free from the bondage of life.  
But to finish the existence of the queen,  
Which is his sole object,  
The transmission of the evil composition  
Into her body must be duly arranged for,  
And unless he attained this successfully  
And aptly, all his work would be fruitless.  
So he provided himself  
With long crystalline glasses of azure and white,  
Which resemble in color  
White and blue violets, and that falsify the eye  
By altering the color of the drink, and  
By the qualifying of the light.  
He had the wit to shrink the oily substance  
Into small compass and boil'd the stuff  
Till it became solid;  
And likewise to change and correct the bad taste  
By uniting sugar, musk and sack,  
As well as divers subtle scents  
And the like with it,  
And putting the cunning drink  
Into one of the glasses, filled another  
With an imitation, made of an infusion  
Of rhubarb, fir and pine.  
He brought the drink to her and said,

'Wil't please your grace,  
To drink a cup of distilled waters  
With me by way of pledge ?'  
And then this monstrous villain  
First to his own lips puts  
The poisoned chalice.  
She did extend her hand to him and answered,  
'Sir, give me the glass.'  
He does give it her and she drank it off  
And commends the ingredients.  
He carryeth in like manner and time  
The other to his mouth and swallowed it.  
There is often a great mutation in nature  
Which may induce a change  
In the parts of a vegetable or animal composition,  
The cause whereof is not very susceptible  
Of inquiry, as a man can sometimes  
Overcome sickness and disease, which,  
At another time, if the same man be anything weak,  
Will end in death.  
And whether there was no unity  
In the poisoned drops, it is certain  
They were not in the ordinary way effectual ;  
For it so fortun'd  
That all the immediate effect they produced  
On the princess was that she did speak  
Distractedly in starts and act confusedly.  
No serious thought was taken of this,  
But all pass it by with slight notice,  
As it was regarded as one of her pranks.  
The princess from the day  
She imbibed the poison did seem

Sad and pensive. No pleasure  
Did delight her heart. On the contrary  
She repelled anything like activity.  
In a word, the powerful nature of the poison  
Did destroy the fabric and  
Structure of her mind  
Without any action at first upon her  
Blood and body. The stroke of death  
Must have been prevented  
By the sack and beef her majesty  
Had eaten and drank at dinner ;  
For though excess of nourishment is hurtful,  
Yet plenty of nourishment will give immunity  
From the subtlety of dangerous doses.  
For example, food will  
So check and retard remedies  
That may be given by the physician  
That our physicians are loathe to give  
An opiate on a full stomach,  
And if his (Robert's) skill  
Had been equal to his natural malignity,  
He certainly, when he turned to poison,  
Would not have forgot the part  
That nutriment played in his bloody tragedy."

"Sir, I pray you pause ; I dare not  
Handle a case of this nature confusedly.  
It will be said  
That you were an accessory to this intent,  
If not the principal actor ;  
Therefore it behooveth you to immediately  
Free yourself from the charge  
That will be brought against you."

“You shall give me leave to doubt  
That any man will say  
I am either the principal or accessory even  
To this direful murder. When you  
Proceed further in this business  
You will find that my good friend,  
The learned leech of her majesty,  
Did supply me with the  
Nature of the poison that she yielded too,  
And one of her ladies the account  
Of her death.”

“Now, before the gods,  
I am ashamed that I fashioned the question.”

“Sir, it was necessary  
To let me give the answer.  
I could not make the plays suit  
Unless I stuffed the clowns in to set on  
Some quantity of barren spectators to laugh ;  
And I have made them imitate humanity  
So abominably that those that hear the plays,  
And themselves laugh at them,  
Will not, I hope, see  
That there is set down more  
Than the poor fools speak.  
But let us pass on :  
The physician told me that from the day  
The accursed villain drugged her posset  
That like lead upon her lies a heavy melancholy.  
‘And,’ said he, ‘the queen has died  
Every day she has lived.  
She cannot sleep and she throws herself about,  
Now on her knees, then upon her feet.

The other night she cries out  
'Now o'er the one-half world nature seems dead,  
And wicked dreams abuse the curtained sleep.  
Witchcraft celebrates pale Hecate's offerings  
And withered murder,  
Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf (who howls his watch)  
With stealthy pace, like Tarquin's ravishings steps,  
Like a ghost moves towards his design.  
See! see! there's husbandry in heaven!  
Their candles are all out. Take thee that, too,'—  
Pointing at the light.  
'Come, put mine night-gown on.  
And yet I cannot sleep. Merciful powers!  
Restrain in me the curs'd thoughts  
That nature gives way to in repose.  
My deeds must not be thought on,  
Or they will make me mad.  
See, in swinish sleep,  
How these wicked caitiff chamberlains  
Lie as in a death. Their blood is caked;  
'T is cold; it seldom flows.  
'T is lack of kindly warmth;  
They are not kind to sleep. To bed! to bed!  
I have bought golden opinions  
From all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.  
Come, come, come, come!  
Give me your hand.  
What's done cannot be undone.  
To bed, to bed, to bed! good-night.  
Am I sick, good doctor?'

“‘Not so sick, your majesty  
As troubled with thick coming fancies  
That keep you from your rest.”

“‘Cure me of that.  
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuffed bosom  
Of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?’

“‘Therein, the patient  
Must minister to herself.’

“‘Throw physic to the dogs!  
I’ll none of it. Come, give me my staff, doctor.  
Come, sir, dispatch. If thou, doctor, couldst  
Cast the water of my heart,  
Find my disease and purge it to  
A sound and private health, I would  
Applaud thee to the echo, that  
Should applaud again. I say  
Out, damned spot, out, I say! One, two—  
Why, then ’t is time to do’t! Hell is murky.  
Here ’s the smell of blood still.  
All the perfumes of Araby  
Will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!  
What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug  
Will scour off this spot?  
What! will these hands ne’er be clean?’

“‘And then,’ said he, ‘she rubs her hands  
As if washing them, and would this  
Continue a quarter of an hour at a time.

Then would she sigh  
As if her heart was sorely charged,  
And as her body received no nourishment,  
The flame at length could burn no more.  
And though digested and prepared nourishment  
Was supplied her, yet  
As she would not eat she at length fell  
Into a kind of settled melancholic despair,  
And sat immovable day and night  
Upon a cushion, her eyes fixed upon the floor,  
Her finger in her mouth,  
As if she were falling into her second infancy  
Or childhood. Nevertheless,  
She did at times show some sparkles  
Of spirit and edge, for when  
The ministers came to her to take order  
About the succession of the King of Scots,  
She did vehemently cry out  
'Mine ancestors won by prowess  
Many kingdoms, and they got riches by such exploits  
And great authority, for I come  
Of a royal parentage, and I will tell you  
That the Scotch dunces  
Never shall succeed to our throne.  
Is not he that they call  
Francis Bacon alive?'

" 'Yes, your majesty.'

" 'Then, how dare you ask me such a question ?

Is he not our eldest son

And lawful King of England?'

" 'Didst thou, doctor, hear this singular speech?'

" 'O, yes, I heard all, and more too.

I heard Master Cecil say,

‘Let her not live.’

Then they come unto me and commanded me to begone.

So I yield, being sore dismayed,

And go lamenting out. And I fear me

That they killed her after I was expelled.

“But, loyall sir,

Was not some one else there ?

Didst thou leave these varlots alone with her ?”

“‘There was a lady, sir,’ said he, ‘near her.’

“Indeed ! what may be her name ?”

“‘I did hear her called Grace.’

“I sought out this maid

And call at her house, which doth stand

By Christ Church, and said to her,

I hear you did chance to see

The death of the queen ?’

“‘Why, sir, why, man, I understand you not.

Speak softly. I will be lost, quite lost,

If that devil knew mine eyes

Did see him slaying her.

Who told you, sir ?’

“Be patient ; I am loathe to tell you

Whence it come,

But I must know the truth ; therefore

Dally not with me,

But give me the cruel story.”

“‘Sir, give me leave, I beseech you,

To show it by some mighty precedent.

Some three ages since the king

Had a servant that served him

Long and faithfully. Well, one night

'T is said, sir, this good man's life  
Was taken by his foe.'

" 'But how? Say how.

Show not how quaint an orator you are,  
But answer; who was the man? "

" 'Sir, you that are so shrewd, cannot you guess  
Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester's name? '

" 'Upon my soul,  
They did kill him in bed.'

" 'Thus didst he, our sovereign,  
With his hands about the circle of her neck,  
The villain did stifle her,  
Stealing the sweet breath that was embounded  
In her beauteous clay.'

" 'Did he with his hands  
Choke his dear lady sovereign? '

" 'These two eyes beheld this evil murder.'

" 'I pray thee, what did the creature do first? '

" 'After the physician had hurried out  
He locked the doors.'

" 'List to me;  
If the doors were locked and you  
Shut out, how did you see? '

" 'I was not shut out.  
I did not go when they bid us to,  
But hid myself under the desk  
That's covered with Turkish tapestry,  
Which stands in her chamber,  
Where I saw  
The whole vile murder committed.  
O, dear heaven!  
I saw him cast her on her back,

And in spite of her bootless fight,  
He with his cruel hands  
Her fair throat did strongly bind.  
The shamefast band may not be shaken off,  
Though she strongly struggled  
Both with foot and hand,  
And with all the might she had  
She strove him to withstand and save her life.  
The vile villain  
Reviled her, and bathed in blood and sweat  
The sunshine of her clear countenance  
First did win away in luckless death.  
Still did he hold her  
Till she was still in death.  
Then when he discovered that his force  
Her life had reaved,  
He, like a dead man, frozen stood.  
Then in a twinkling, all in deadly fear,  
He ran unto the closed door,  
The key did turn, rudely thrust it open  
And did fly from forth the chamber.  
Behind his back I crouch as he passed by,  
And with trembling heart  
Softly slide after him.  
I fear his roving eye may on me glance,  
And sir, I thought  
How easily the villain might  
Thrust on me the bloody crime.  
The very thought turned my blood cold.  
Ah! woe is me!  
I might have tried to call for help  
And save her life.'

“ ‘A plague on you! why did you not?’

“ ‘Because I remembered when

The room he cleareth, all our company  
To their chambers far away were sent;  
For our company lodge far distant from the queen,  
And God knows  
What the villain would have done to me  
Had he caught me there.  
Betray me not.

Let not my name be yoked with his.  
And sir, I declare, if you seek this to prove,  
I dare not stand by it;  
Nor shall you be safer than one condemned  
By the king's own mouth thereon  
His execution sworn.’

“ ‘Thanks, fairest lady,’ said I,  
‘I will keep this wicked murder  
As a secret during my life.  
I' faith you shall not be hanged.  
Sleep in peace. Farewell.’

“ And knowing the declaration,  
Through the evidence mought be disputable,  
I have reserved it. Besides,  
Extreme caution made me  
(For safety to the fair lady) hold it  
Close in my heart.”

“ Away! I do condemn my ears  
That have so long attended thee.  
If thou wert honourable  
Thou wouldst have told this tale for  
Virtue, not for such an end.  
Thou seekest as base revenge as strange.

Thou wrongest a gentleman who is  
As far from thy report as thou  
From honour. Yea, thou wilt  
Beslobber and sully thy honour  
With this fiction. I do not like  
To trust one of thy malice, so I say  
Thou shouldst not sit  
Amongst men of honour and reputation.  
The machinations of such as thou  
Will not depress him."

"It is a great error to endeavour  
To move the mind of a fool.  
O, I could divide myself and go to buffets  
For moving such a dish of skimmed milk  
As you with so honourable an action as this.  
It is well said  
'Dead flies do cause the best ointment to stink.'  
So does a little folly him  
That is in reputation for wisdom and honour.  
Think you that I am of so dishonest nature  
As to try your great judgement  
With a false report, that I might be revenged?  
I will pawn mine honour for its truth.  
While others get up stage plots  
And the like fables 'gainst their enemies,  
I have provided a history for you  
Of so rare a character that in all the world  
There is not another like it.  
And you know  
In the subject matter you cannot err.  
Think you it is fit a saucy stranger  
Should charge me with breach of faith and

The wickedness of falsehood? Yet  
It is foretold that when Christ  
Cometh again He shall not find  
Faith upon the earth, and  
I acknowledge that a mortal  
Can expect no more  
Than a defended God.  
I have honoured you, praised you, and made you  
A theme of honour and renown;  
And you, for recompense of the service  
I have done you, and  
For the free entertainment I have  
Given you, in this way  
Retort and beat down my title for truth.  
Sir! sir! any one may compound  
This history upon examination of the copy,  
And so find that I suppressed  
Arraigning the party.  
The examination must force the public  
To believe that the abuses you have  
Heaped upon me detract greatly  
From your character and reputation.  
Nay, further thus to draw upon me  
Ill reports and dishonourable rumours  
Is not for your advantage, for  
If the examination of the parties referred to  
Be lies, then the first matter  
From its inception is a lie,  
And the minds of men would be  
Poor shrunken things if they believed the records.  
Any record which, upon examination,  
Speaks not the truth, should be

Committed to the flames, for lies,  
For the lies' sake ought not to be commended.  
Nay, at the instant  
That they are published they,  
Without pity, should be excluded ; therefore,  
Once more, if this examination  
Is not true,  
All of the letters are counterfeit.  
But, sir, I am afraid there is  
A mixture of vanity in your meditations."

"Sir, I pray your pardon. Be not angry.  
Hear me. I adventur'd  
This impudent question of your truth  
To see what you would say."

"I con you no thanks for 't.  
The assault upon my reputation  
Will lend you little honest, honourable praise.  
You have abused me,  
Have you not, my lord ?"

"I must confess it."

"Then am I bound to your free heart,  
From whose help I derive liberty.  
Now to return to work."

"O, proceed to thine own nativity."

"Well, my lord, to proceed :  
The great clatter that we made  
As I paid the villainous offender for his wrong  
To my honour and sent him  
Sneeping off did alarm  
My second mother. Straightforth in haste  
She ran to learn the reason  
Of the fearful noise, and comes flying in.

I had laid myself down on the couch,  
And to escape conversation, feign  
To be fast asleep; but it was in vain.  
Her mother-wit was too much for me,  
As, after examination, she said :  
‘This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
With eyes wide open. Dost snore? There’s meaning  
In your snores so fast asleep whiles winking.  
This slumberry agitation is curious.  
Go too, Francis! You’re playing.  
What have you been doing?’  
And she seated herself near me.  
As boldly as I could I declared, nothing.”

“‘Tush, tush!

I will not over-woe your honour,  
But if you dare not trust or tell me,  
Out of my exceeding love for you  
I will send for him you sent away  
And have him back return  
And talk with him.’

“I blush and said

I have just had a trial of strength  
With the dwarf.’

“‘What did you wreak your wrath on  
Such a carle as he for?’

“I scourged him for saying  
I was the bastard son of the queen.’

“‘You have proved yourself truly to be a fool.  
Could you not see the machinations  
And evil designs of this  
Treacherous, deceptive, jealous villaine?  
It was but to smoke your secret out.

Now will he return to the queen  
And tell her that he suspects  
You are looking up your origin.  
I know Elizabeth well. Whatever regard she  
May have for you, she loves  
Majesty more, and if it appears to her  
That you have made inquiries  
Touching your birth, she will have  
Little mercy on the flesh of those  
From whom you obtained this secret.  
And knowing that I know all  
Of this history, she will have suspicion  
Of me, and I am not yet ready to die.  
I am fearful of her wicked arts.'

    "'O,' said I, 'that I might quiet my dishonour!  
I do not care about the crown,  
But when a man's own name is his misfortune  
It is bitter. I am discarded by my father,  
Defiled by my mother and  
Dishonoured by the world,  
A pinchéd thing.'

    "'Come,' said she, 'you shall no more be grieved.  
I will disclose the whole to you.  
If I can fashion it, I will  
Place you where you shall hear  
The midwife and I confer, and by  
An auricular assurance have the  
Satisfaction of knowing all, and  
That without any further delay  
Than this evening. She is a gentlewoman  
Of no mean house, nor is she endued  
With any common or vulgar gifts.

Nor was she too mean to be companion of a queen.  
Her husband is deceased and was  
No less a person than the Lord Mayor.'

" 'I will be most greatful to your ladyship.'

" 'Ladyship! ladyship!

I am punished; I have shot my arrow o'er the house  
And hurt myself.'

" 'Good madam, pardon me.

I do confess you must needs be  
My good mother still.'

" 'O, my son,

I have fostered thee as mine own, from the hour  
Of thy nativity without regard  
To thy paternity. Thou suckd'st my breast  
And I have made thee a good parent,  
And thou hast no need to be ashamed  
Of thy foster-father or of her  
That hath devoted her life to thee.  
Thou mayst by birth indeed be her son,  
But dear, no mother could be  
More gentle and tender of thee than I  
Have been, for I, having lost  
My little son by wicked fortune's spite,  
Improv'd the blessed fortune sent  
By heaven and preserv'd thee, and  
Have been thy nurse, held thee  
On my bosom, sat by thy cradle, did teach  
Thy prattling tongue to speak, and  
In a rapture fell when thou first called me mother;  
And in short,  
From the hour that thou, a dainty,  
Little, unfathered babe, of sweet

And lovely face and spotless spirit, lay  
In my arms, I have faithfully over thee kept  
Both watch and ward. Have I then  
Deserved this so ingrateful rub from thee?  
I tell thee I am mad!  
I have had my labour for my travail,  
And between thee both  
I am made a reproach, and for my labour  
Receive small thanks.'

"She sheddeth tears and bewaileth  
Her ill fortune. I said,  
'I confess I have wounded you,  
Yet by my honour I, 'bove all the sons  
You have y-bore, most truly love you.  
In proof I swear that I desire  
No more honoured birth nor no other name  
Than FRANCIS BACON; and I will in time  
Make you say the little one  
That you did raise is like to be  
The prime glory of your house, for I,  
Like a vine, will grow, and wherever the bright sun  
Of heaven shall shine, my honour and the greatness  
Of my name shall be known.  
I tell you I'll stand so high above  
This damned, dishonourable foil  
That by injurious wiles brings me to nought,  
That you will be glad you did endow me  
With your name. Cheer up and  
Let me wipe the tears from those  
Lamenting eyes, and turn not away from  
Your loving son—yes, son—for I  
Am yet your son.'

At this, thrown a little off her guard,

She embraceth me and said :

‘Do you love me?’

“ ‘O heaven! O earth!

Bear witness that I do.’

“ ‘Then will I, sweet child, be merry.

And may I live to see you

Ascend to fame’s immortal house and

Banquet in bright honour’s burnish’d hall ;

For look you, Francis,

You are my favourite child, the darling of my heart;

And if your love be such as these

Your protestations do paint forth,

We two, as friends, one fortune shall divide,

And I will enable you to get the throne ;

For I will prove Elizabeth wed

Your great father.

But remember with whom we have to deal.

Hide it close till golden time convenes.

Stand upon your guard ; prate not unnecessarily ;

I’ll make you King of England.’

“ ‘Speak you this with a sad brow?’

“ ‘I am more serious than my custom,

And I’ll be your assistant ; yea, even I alone.

I have longéd long to give you proof,

Yet so far discretion hath fought with nature.

Now will I let my love for you make

A free determination ’twixt right and wrong ;

And though wicked is her mind,

And though she hath proclaimed it death

To utter aught concerning her marriage

And the succession, yet will I do my best

To clear up the mystery of your birth.

List ye then to my story :

“ ‘I must take you back in the course of the history

To the commencement of her late sister's reign

And tell you the former state of things

Before her twenty-seventh year, which was

The year of your nativity.

King Edward had proved but an ordinary boy,

And setting aside his comely virtues

He did soil the kingdom,

As without heed of consequences

He did oppose his own house and left

The throne by will when he died

Away from the daughters of Henry the Eighth

(Who were co-heirs with him)

To his cousin, Lady Jane Grey, giving

As the reason why they are so disinherited

That they were yet but young, and

It would be unsafe to hand over the kingdom

To them. But in good sooth

The reasons he did allege

Do more to show he had

A most weak pia-mater than anything else ;

For wherein Lady Grey did triumph

Over either I cannot make out.

The judges authorized the king's alienation

Of the crown, and established the alienation ;

But the determination of Mary

Inspired a number of men of great spirit

And courage, who naturally thought

Greater honesty and principle,

Specially in princes, ought to be found ;

And also, that when they find  
No safeguard in law, that it  
Doth release the inheritors of this realm  
(By the utter subversion of the ancient common laws)  
From the charge of rebellion, and therefore  
They did refer the causes  
Of the two oppressed women to the god of arms  
And attainted the fair lady,  
Her father and husband, with treason,  
And in time did send them all unto the block.  
Mary appeared for a time to think  
More about power than of theology ;  
But finally the dogmas of the Church of Rome  
Blotted out, and, as it were,  
Drowned and swallowed up  
Her sound judgement and will,  
And did betray her into an infinite  
Variety of paltry and petty jealousies.  
For after she did espouse Philip  
(Which gave him power of disannulling laws,  
Disposing of men's fortunes and the states,  
And the like points of absolute power),  
There was a truce with England's  
Glory, happiness and conditions ;  
For she did suffer him to give up  
England's glory to France, by the loss of Calais,  
And after her mean marriage with the king,  
Who, by his voluptuous life had become effeminate,  
And less sensible of honour and reason of state  
Than was fit for a king, she arms her boldly,  
To this country's great amiss ;  
And all regard of honour having thrown aside,

In fury 'gan to undertake the quarrel  
Of Rome. and sought foul means  
To stint the religious strife  
Of the country and state, and  
To extinguish the dawning light did  
With raging passions and  
Fierce tyranny. compel all the people  
Of this fair land to adore  
The great proud king of Babylon;  
And they that would not  
She with furious force and indignation fell,  
With cruel hand their heads from off  
Their bodies wrest, or made them feel  
The pain of the pope's triumphant victory;  
For with high solemnity she  
Burned those who favour the laws and customs  
Of her father. Tongue cannot tell  
More sad and heavy plight,  
Nor can heart reach so deep a sea  
Of sorrow as her cruelty wrought in  
This warlike isle.

NOTE.—This fills the quota of pages the decipherer has thought best to publish in his first book. The "letter" will be continued in a volume to be published in the near future.





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